

The Outlook

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Is It Peace in the Riff?

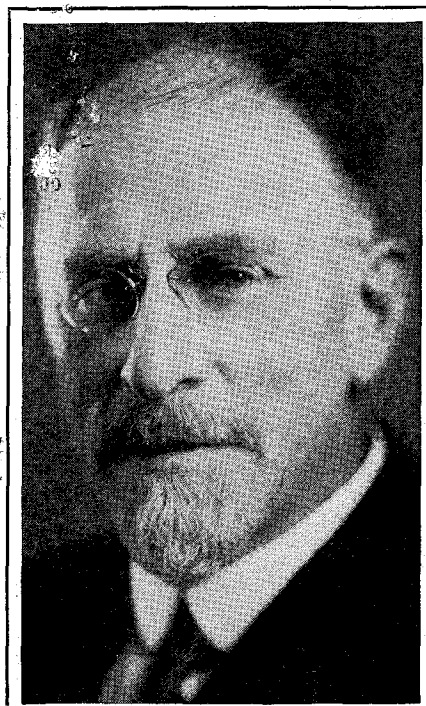
FOR the third time Abd-el-Krim has asked the French for peace terms. Now, however, instead of insisting on independence for the tribesmen, he is reported by the Paris despatches to have "thrown himself and his people on the mercy and generosity of the French people." The French reply has not been made public at this time of writing.

The Riffian tribes are not, and never have been, a unified people. It seems certain that they have gradually broken away from their ambitious leader and in some cases, notably that of the great Djeala tribe, have refused to take fighting orders from Abd-el-Krim. If this continues, the end of this little war is at hand. It is of course just possible that Abd-el-Krim is playing for time, as he has done before; some accounts indicate that he may yet make a final stand back in the hills where military approach is difficult; but he is in all probability now convinced that France means to carry through its campaign, costly and annoying though it be.

The result of the permanent cessation of hostilities will be for the good of all North Africa and will remove an obstinate and injurious political trouble from France, which surely has plenty of other problems to meet. It is fair to conclude that France and Spain will be satisfied with the establishment of peace and the recognition of the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan of Morocco, and will concede in practice, if not in theory, a reasonable degree of tribal self-government.

Politics in the French Financial Crisis

THE French franc has become the barometer of French politics. When the outlook is stormy, the franc falls in value; when prospects appear fairer, it rises. In the middle of May it dropped to the unprecedentedly low value of 35 or 36 to the dollar. Since then the French Government has acted resolutely in securing an agreement from the Bank of France to use the \$85,000,000 residue of the \$100,000,000 Morgan credit of 1924



Wide World (C) Harris & Ewing

Henry Morgenthau

to support the exchange, and the franc has regained some of its lost value.

The extreme uncertainty of the position of the franc seems a contradiction of ordinary economic rules. It is not due to business depression or industrial weakness in the country. On the contrary, France has practically no unemployment; and her trade figures are encouraging, except for the fact that they are based on a greatly depreciated currency, which temporarily enables French exporters to sell in international markets at artificially low prices. Furthermore, she has recently adopted a balanced Budget. Despite the heavy liabilities of the French Treasury, therefore, conditions would appear to favor the stabilization of the franc.

A variety of factors have contributed to depress it. One is the normal need of French importers to secure foreign currencies to pay for their spring orders. Another, apparently, is continuing lack of confidence in the financial future of the Government, which has led many capitalists to transfer their funds abroad, forcing the franc down by their purchases of foreign exchange. There have been large operations in meeting obliga-

tions maturing on Treasury bonds, which have been a strain on credit facilities. There are the expenses of the prolonged wars against the Riffian tribesmen in Morocco and the Druse rebels in Syria. The fact that Abd-el-Krim, the Riffian chieftain, has sued for peace, undoubtedly will have a beneficial effect on the standing of the franc.

But the main cause of fluctuations in its value at present is the question of payment of the war debts. This must be faced in the session of Parliament now commencing. Some leaders of the powerful Radical Socialist and Nationalist factions have indicated that they would oppose the debt agreement signed by Ambassador Béranger with the United States. Finance Minister Peret has returned unsuccessful from endeavors in London to reach an agreement on the French debt to Great Britain. No one has known how the situation might turn. The result, both in France and abroad, has been a lack of confidence, which has led to irresponsible speculation. Until these doubts are cleared away any great improvement in the position of the franc hardly is to be expected. What is needed is a courageous facing of the debt issue, for its ratification unquestionably would open the way to secure the loans which France needs to help her through her present emergency.

Mr. Morgenthau Protests

TO the other expressions of opposition to the proposed treaty with Turkey Henry Morgenthau, former Ambassador to Turkey, has now added his. In a letter to Senators Borah and Swanson he has described it as "a purposeless and humiliating surrender to a red-handed, faithless military despotism." If it were a deal with a new and enlightened Turkey, as some of the advocates of the Lausanne Treaty declare it to be, "it should," says Mr. Morgenthau, "be an occasion for great rejoicing throughout the civilized world." But Mr. Morgenthau outlines certain facts of recent history in Turkey that lead him to the conclusion that "ratification of the

Lausanne Treaty would reflect upon American honor and self-respect."

First Turkey, in 1914, abrogated our capitulatory rights, and we protested.

Then in 1917 the Turkish Foreign Minister severed diplomatic relations with us.

To make a new treaty would be to approve that abrogation of our right against which we protested.

In 1920 the President of the United States, at the invitation of the Allied Supreme Council, defined the boundary between Turkey and Armenia. Kemal, the ruler of Turkey, refused to carry the President's decision into effect. In conspiracy with the Russian Bolshevik Government, Kemal made an unprovoked attack upon the Armenian Republic and refused the proffered mediation of the American President and Brazil. In 1922 Kemal took possession of Smyrna, burned the Christian quarter, "looted and murdered mercilessly, ravished and enslaved maidens and matrons indiscriminately." "Mustapha Kemal revealed his true character," declared Mr. Morgenthau, "and must be branded as one of the most brutal monsters of all ages by his acts at Smyrna."

The apologists for the proposed treaty with Turkey are under obligation to face these facts recounted by Ambassador Morgenthau and to explain why, if Turkey has been converted, we cannot resume relations on the basis of the old treaty of 1917. If modifications are necessary, we can make those by further negotiations as we would with any other civilized Power. If a new treaty is necessary, is it not because Kemal thinks that he can hold us up?

Circling the Globe

ABOUT once in ten years some one tries to beat the record in girdling the world. Jules Verne probably thought that he stretched things a bit when over fifty years ago he made his hero go "Around the World in Eighty Days;" "Nelly Bly" made that fictitious record look absurdly large; in 1913 John Henry Mears did the feat in 35 days 21 hours 35 minutes and 4/5 of a second—one loves that fraction of a second! Now John Goldstrom is on his way to cut the record. He does not hope to lop off very much of it, for steamships and railways were fast even in 1913, and air passages are not even now easily booked to fit connections.

Logically there should be some definition of what world girdling is. Byrd, it has been pointed out, circumnavigated the globe in a few hours, for he made a circle around the North Pole, as he fixed it, and thus passed all degrees of longitude in his flight. Practically no one could possibly follow any one degree of latitude in a world flight. Goldstrom expects to pass through England, France, Germany, Holland, Russia, China, and Japan, and thence across the Pacific. He crossed the Atlantic on the *Mauretania*, the same ship on which Mears set forth, a fast boat in 1913 as she is to-day.

Modern Antiquities

IN the final tabulation of the returns from The Outlook's poll of its readers as to the most representative objects deserving place in a museum of modern antiquities,¹ the automobile comes out on top. Radio, airplanes, railroads, ship models, and model buildings follow in that order in a close group. Next in order comes a group containing the telephone, electrical appliances, current books, musical instruments, printing-press, and medical appliances. Some thirty-six other objects received from one to one hundred votes.

This tabulation is exclusive of the returns from schools.

Prohibition Enforcement

THE President's Executive Order permitting the appointment of State and local officers at a nominal salary to assist in the enforcement of the Volstead Act seems to us to have created rather more disturbance than it deserves. The Volstead Act is the one law which the Constitution gives both Nation and States concurrent power to enforce. There seems to be little danger of the spread of this principle to other legislative enactments, or that it will tend to break down the proper barriers between State and Federal jurisdiction. It certainly cannot be put into effect, a fact recognized in the order itself, unless the will to concurrent action exists. It can also only be put into effect in States which do not prohibit their officials from holding simultaneously Federal offices of trust and emolument.

In 1873 General Grant directed that Federal officers might not accept or hold

¹ See editorials in issues of April 21, April 28, May 5, and May 12.

offices in State or Territorial government or under any municipality. We do not think that President Coolidge's order modifies the spirit, though it does modify the letter, of that issue by President Grant. Grant's order was directed against what, in ecclesiastical language, would be considered as the holding of plural benefices. The only real benefit which the State officers who accept Coolidge's offer will receive will be the benefit of a chance to work more effectively. Moreover, the Eighteenth Amendment, providing for concurrent action between the States and the Federal Government, has since then put the enforcement of prohibition in a different position from that of the enforcement of any other law.

In commenting upon President Coolidge's order Governor Smith, of New York, is quoted as saying: "I do not know of anything in our laws which would prohibit it, but at the same time I do not see the necessity for any such procedure." Perhaps much the same thing might be said of the referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment called for in a bill which recently passed the New York Legislature and was signed by Governor Smith. The time for such a referendum was before New York State ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. Such a referendum can have no legal effect, and is out of keeping with our methods of registering and putting into effect the public will.

The Oregon Primary

TO those Republican Senators who have fallen on the field of battle in the primaries must now be added Senator Stanfield, of Oregon. The significance of his defeat has been variously interpreted. To the opponents of the Administration it looks like evidence that the voters of the party are losing confidence in Mr. Coolidge.

Following the defeat of Mr. McKinley in Illinois and Mr. Pepper in Pennsylvania, both advocates of the World Court and of other Coolidge policies, the defeat of Mr. Stanfield is hopefully considered by Democrats and by the opponents of the World Court as a rebuke to the present Republican régime. In confirmation of this view they cite the success of Messrs. Watson and Robinson in Indiana, both opponents of Mr. Coolidge's World Court plan.

In this interpretation, however, the

Spur me with such questions

(Love's Labor's Lost, Act II, Scene 1)

Cargill in the Waco (Texas) Times-Herald



The nineteenth hole

From Mrs. W. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

Alley in the Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal



Afraid of the water, but fond of bathing suits!

From Mrs. W. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

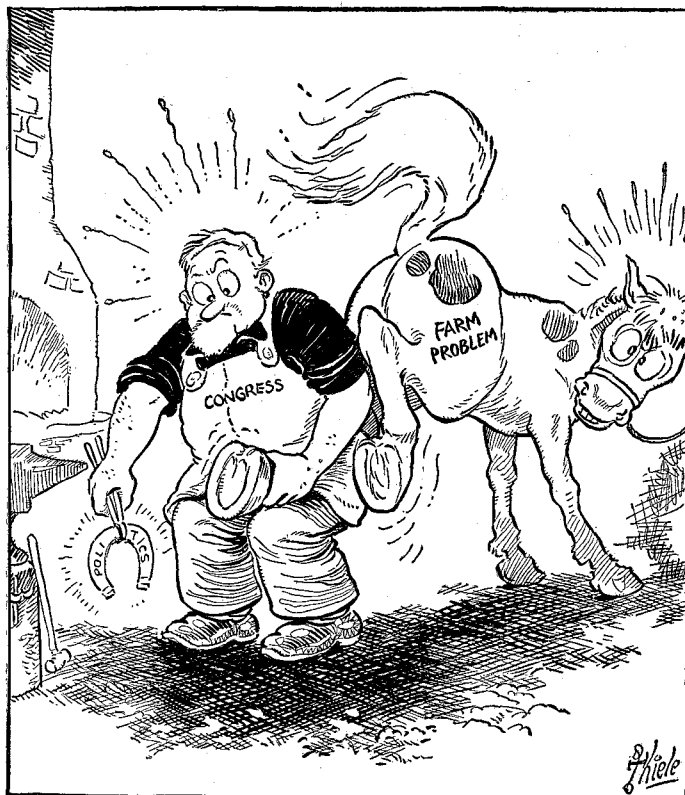
Alley in the Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial Appeal



The usual "fisherman's luck"!

From Mrs. W. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

Thiele for the Editors' Feature Service



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Still at it

wish may be the father of the thought. Other circumstances—such as the light vote split up among eight candidates, the feeling that Mr. Stanfield had deserted the wet cause, thus alienating the wets while not attracting the dries, the fact that he is a big sheep man, and a personal charge, which Mr. Stanfield considered a “frame-up”—contributed to the result.

Senator Stanfield's successful opponent was Frederick Steiwer, an attorney and a wheat grower, who will contest the election with the Democratic candidate, a former member of the Shipping Board, Bert L. Haney.

That Two-Thirds Rule Again

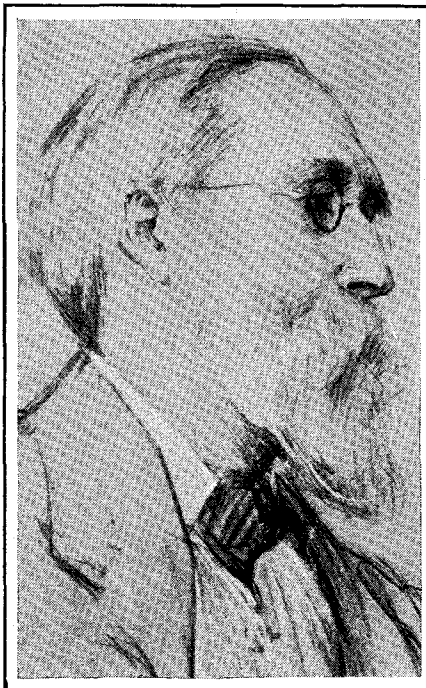
THE two-thirds rule has been a bone of contention in Democratic National Conventions ever since Andrew Jackson urged it because of his bitter personal feeling toward Calhoun and because Jackson's managers thought it would hold the two great sections of the party, North and South, together. If the rule were abolished and the will of a bare majority substituted, it would probably be impossible to restore the rule; but it exists, and it has seemed impossible to rescind it. Always when the crucial hour arises partisans of this or that candidate feel that the change would ruin their favorite's chance and they block the way. But a compromise after a deadlock often results in a weak candidate.

Some Democrats argue that the unit rule within State delegations is inconsistent with the majority rule in making the nomination; others, that each is a check on the other. In answer to inquiry by the New York “Times,” twenty-four members of the National Democratic Committee out of thirty-one who replied favored abrogation of the rule.

Governor Smith, of New York, has announced his approval of the abrogation, not only of the two-thirds rule, but also of the unit rule within each State delegation. It is immediately recalled that Governor Smith's adherents in the 1924 Democratic Convention opposed the change, but it would be quite unfair to deduce, as some anti-Smith partisans do, that his view has altered because he now thinks that it would help his candidacy. In the first place, it is not sure that he will be a candidate; in the second, he is a fair-minded man who is

apt to have reasonable grounds for his public attitude.

It must be remembered that the two-thirds rule is quite as likely to be a boomerang or a blockade as a pacifier and unifier. The Democrats of the West, as well as those of the East and the South, are to be considered. It is a



Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co.

Joseph Mallaby Dent

veto power, conversely, and it is at least theoretically possible that a single vote more than one-third might bar out the candidate most desirable from a National party standard. The terrible struggle at Madison Square Garden did not prove of value to the party, and its prolongation was helped by the two-thirds rule.

A Publisher of Vision

JOSEPH MALLABY DENT, who died in England on May 9, rendered notable service in making literature and knowledge easily available. All or almost all publishers do this in some degree, but J. M. Dent, as he was always called, took a special delight in putting out recognized masterpieces in volumes that were sound in workmanship and moderate in price. This resulted in several admirable series, the best known of which are the Temple Classics, the Wayfarer's Library, and Everyman's Library.

It is by the last-named collection that Mr. Dent is best known and most deservedly honored. Just how many volumes Everyman's Library contains today we do not know; but it some time

since passed the limit of seven hundred and fifty volumes, and Mr. Dent planned to extend it to a thousand volumes, all of them books which the publisher chose as having stood the test of time. Long ago our reviewer declared that the series had no rival in scope, judicious choice of authors and subjects, and suitable physical form. Originally the volumes were issued here at the price of thirty-five cents, and even in pre-war days the value was extraordinary in relation to the cost. An expansion of the Library made it include Everyman's Encyclopædia, which in twelve volumes of the regular Library format furnishes an excellent compact work of reference for those who desire a comparatively inexpensive work.

American readers and students have profited greatly through the ideals of this English publisher to do the best possible mechanical and artistic work in preserving and distributing English literature and aids to education.

A Lover of Animals

DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, who has retired as Director of the Bronx Zoölogical Gardens of New York City after thirty years' service, had a record of twenty years as a working zoölogist, collector, and taxidermist when he came to that Zoo. He is a recognized authority on almost everything to do with animal life and its preservation, whether in the open or in the zoölogical park. Those who remember the puny and dirty menagerie of the seventies in Central Park best appreciate the enormous advances made under Dr. Hornaday's direction. The care taken to reproduce as far as possible natural conditions of life, the distribution of the exhibits among open parklike spaces, the arrangement and proper treatment of the animals, have all under his direction made enormous advances.

Apart from these specific duties Dr. Hornaday has been extremely active. He is known everywhere as a zealous advocate of game protection and the conservation of wild life generally, and he has to his credit a list of nearly twenty books ranging in subject from “Old-Fashioned Poems,” “The Lying Lure of Bolshevism,” and “Free Rum on the Congo,” to his great “American Natural History.” This last book has done more to make non-scientific people, young folks especially, acquainted with what Dr. Hornaday calls in the title of an-

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other of his books the "Minds and Manners of Wild Animals" than any similar book. It has among other excellent qualities that of a sense of humor and a familiar style of writing—rare, indeed, in scientific works. Alone it is enough to make its author the friend of all animal lovers.

Dr. Hornaday retires from the Zoo, but not from work. He proposes to continue his literary activity. The American people like and respect him as man, scientist, and writer.

The One-Crop Error

ACCORDING to the Conway "News," published in Faulkner County, Arkansas, there are three hundred less farms being worked in that geographical division than there were two years ago. This the editor regards as "indisputable evidence of the one-crop cotton fallacy." This shrinkage has aroused the interest of President L. W. Baldwin, of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, who does not advocate growing less cotton, but better cotton, and along with it food and feed crops, fruit, truck, dairying, and pigs and poultry—to the end that the people will live better and happier and be prosperous, and thus dispose more families to live on farms and share in their development under practical and profitable labor.

What is to be Seen at the Sesqui-Centennial

THE Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, celebrating one hundred and fifty years of American independence, is to be held in Philadelphia from June 1 until December 1, 1926. Its chief exhibit buildings are five in number—the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures; the Palace of Agriculture, Food, Civic and Foreign Exhibits; the Palace of the United States Government, Machinery, Mines, Metallurgy, and Transportation; the Palace of Education and Social Economy; and the Fine Arts Building. The two other structures of major importance are a concrete Stadium, holding 100,000, with standing room for 100,000 more, and an Auditorium, to seat 20,000 persons, which will provide the *mise en scène* for many stirring patriotic demonstrations and convention assemblages timed to coincide with the Exposition. There will be a "Gladway" with a frontage of nearly a mile and an area of 80 acres. Its central

amusement feature will be Treasure Island, imported from Wembley and bringing together for the delight of the children all their old friends of the story books, from Mr. and Mrs. Noah, Robinson Crusoe, and Long John Silver to Wendy and Peter Pan, in an environment of real lake and artificial mountain,



International

Dr. William T. Hornaday

with an island to explore for pirate gold, a narrow-gauge railway, a village with a flock of sheep and a mill, and a model of William Penn's ship big enough to take them abroad.

There will be foreign pavilions and State buildings. A reproduction of the Taj Mahal of Agra will house brocades, inlaid furniture, carved ivory, native brass-ware, and jewelry. There will even be an Indian curry-house presided over by a noted Indian chief. A replica of the Nuremberg Market-Place will revitalize old German scenes and customs, with pageant and folk dance from Bavaria and toothsome viands smacking of the source. A Rumanian village will offer a cross-section of the life of the peasantry of Carmen Sylva's country. Epic scenes of history in a pageant are to bring alive the human chronicle, from the Creation of the World and the Birth of Man to the Evolution of the Dreadnought and the Battle of Gettysburg.

The vista of the Streets of Cairo will include the Mosque of Omar and the Temple of Mystery. There will be Venetian gondolas plying upon tree-fringed canals; there will be a whole street of Philadelphia's historic houses, such as those in which Washington dwelt and

Jefferson penned the Declaration, with the archaic markets and the ancient churches.

A Chinese village will gratify the aesthete with lacquered screens, curios, and lanterns, appeal to the spirit of worship with shrine and pagoda, and serve Chinese refreshment for the gourmet. "Fire and Flame" will demonstrate modern fire-fighting apparatus most spectacularly, and in the Gladway there will be a Watermelon Patch, expected to do a land-office business in its commodity, with a color scheme of green and white and pink, and polite servitors, Negroes of the Southland, arrayed in white.

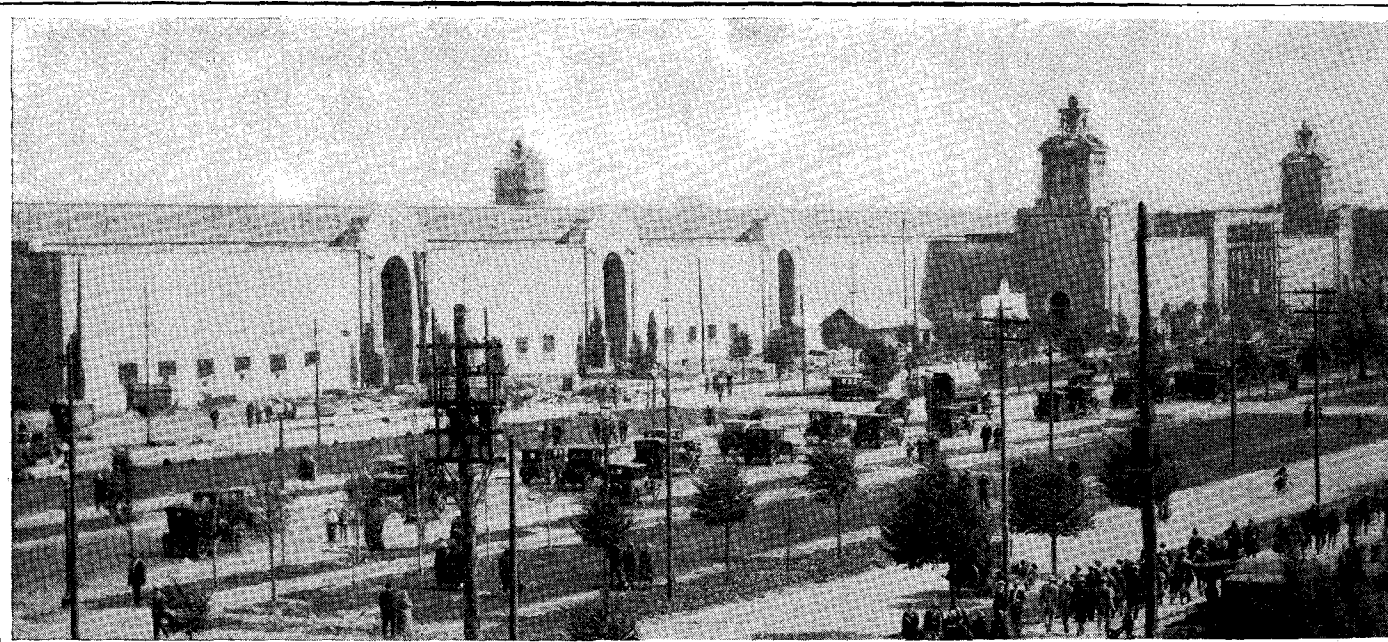
The Exposition as a Whole

IT is a festival of color, and of light particularly, comparable to the joyous illumination of the Spanish paintings of Sorolla. The buildings are usually of a single high story, their tops set back like the terraced summits of our modern metropolitan buildings under the "zoning" system. They have a skeleton framework of steel, on which tinted stucco is placed, with a pink tint prevailing. As for lights—the effects surpass anything heretofore attempted. Fourteen super-power searchlights will concentrate in an "auroral display" of 6,300,000,000 candle-power, visible against the clouds in New York, at sea, and far inland. At the entrance of the grounds hangs a Liberty Bell 70 feet high, with 25,000 lamps of 100 watts apiece adorning it.

The Palace of Fine Arts will include not only a museum of classic antiquities, but a modern revelation of the work of American artists during the quarter-century, with memorial displays of the work of Sargent, Pennell, and a few others. Mestrovich and Rodin will be represented in the groups of sculpture placed outdoors.

Music at this Exposition will have a place of great importance. One of the country's largest organs will be played by five artists. The Philadelphia Orchestra (led for the latter part of the season by Stokowski, and previously by guest conductors) will be heard in two concerts weekly for sixteen weeks. There will be choral concerts and band tournaments. Among the widely various programs 5,000 boys will be heard upon harmonicas. A pageant of "Freedom" will enlist thousands of participants.

In the realm of sports international



Courtesy Publicity Department Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition

The Palace of Agriculture, facing the Grand Court, at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia

contests will be of frequent occurrence, and in the National Air Races approximately 500 planes will compete.

The Fair covers 1,010 acres of actual exhibition ground, as compared with 1,142 acres at St. Louis in 1904, 666 acres at Chicago in 1893, and 285 acres at the Centennial. The outlay is \$23,320,000, as compared with \$24,691,000 at San Francisco in 1915, and the total attendance is computed at about 36,000,000, which is nearly twice that at St. Louis or San Francisco.

Has Democracy in Europe Failed?

MUSSOLINI in Italy, Pangalos in Greece, and now Pilsudski in Poland have successfully led revolts against the only form of democracy that these countries have known. And France is in a mood to welcome such revolt. Does this mean that democracy in Europe has failed?

M. Maurras, editor of the famous royalist journal "l'Action Française," of Paris, answers in his article on another page his own question by declaring European, and particularly French, democracy bankrupt.

But parliamentary government, which is really what Mussolini and Pangalos and Pilsudski have displaced and what M. Maurras arraigns, is not identical with democracy. Indeed, it has existed under forms of government that were distinctly undemocratic. A parliament may rule without being really represent-

ative of the people. Indeed, in England, where parliamentary government first established itself, the Parliament was not at first at all democratic, and at times was as tyrannous as any monarch. Moreover, intertwined with parliamentary rule in many, and perhaps most, European countries there has been the rule of a bureaucracy—that is, a rule by specially appointed experts, trained for their calling and admitted to power only through examination. An interesting description of this concomitant of parliamentary government in Europe is to be found in Dr. Moritz Julius Bonn's small book on "The Crisis of European Democracy." While parliament has talked, often futilely, bureaucracy has really governed. And European parliaments, cut up into blocs, petty parties, and inconsiderable factions, have often found themselves powerless to work the will of anybody, whether of a majority or a minority. It is against the feebleness, the impotence of parliamentary government that Europe has been revolting, not against democracy as such.

But even if parliaments could manage to work out the will of the majority, M. Maurras would still be opposed to them, because he, and many in Europe who think as he does, are opposed to the rule of the majority. He says that, strictly speaking, democracy means "the régime which gives the control of the state to the most numerous—that is, to the least cultured; that is, to the less well informed; that is, to those least able to choose and act with freedom and discernment." But democracy does not

necessarily mean always the rule by the majority. In the United States democracy itself has erected safeguards against the tyranny of majorities. And usually democracy does not act by means of majorities, but by means of compromise and what Miss Follett in her able book on "Creative Experience" calls "integration." Out of discussion, out of even bitter conquests, in democracy often come results which are neither the will of the majority nor the will of the minority, but a new product made up of the will of both.

Thinking Disarmament

GERMAN military uniforms were the only military uniforms visible at the conference table at Geneva when experts under the auspices of the League of Nations began their official discussions on May 18 at Geneva, Switzerland. The one great nation theoretically already disarmed, Germany was the one nation to appear with the symbol of armed forces. That incident graphically explains the reason why the voluntary disarmament of nations in Europe is extremely difficult.

It is not armament that makes a nation dangerous, but an armed mind. The fact that Germany has been forced to destroy most of her weapons of war and to disband her great military machine does not make her neighbors safe if she thinks in terms of arms and armies. Of all the problems before those experts at Geneva, the chief is that of finding a way to secure moral disarmament. Here

in the United States we are so thoroughly disarmed morally that it is hard for us to imagine the state of mind of those countries who have to keep morally armed because they know their neighbors are morally armed, and who therefore fear any scheme which may give their neighbors an advantage in case they have the chance to translate their mental state into a material form.

In particular, Americans have shown themselves incapable of appreciating as a people the French point of view. It has been very easy for us to lay down our arms. So when the French come to such a conference as that at Geneva and ask that in any plan for disarmament every nation's potential military resources should be taken into account, so that those without such resources might be allowed to make up for their lack by the maintenance of a larger military establishment, they find the Americans hard to persuade. Moreover, they have to face the fact that estimating potential resources involves complicated technical difficulties, and besides is largely a matter of opinion, and therefore provocative of dissension. Fortunately, Hugh Gibson is a man of experience and of tolerant mind, and as head of the American delegation has welcomed the expression of the French view. In spite, therefore, of the enormous difficulties which any estimate as to potential military resources would encounter, the French delegation, under M. Paul Boncour, succeeded in getting the French proposal on the program as a subject for discussion and inquiry.

At first thought this may seem to be a serious check to any progress toward disarmament; but it is not. There can be no progress toward disarmament until the minds of nations are set at rest. The first business of the conference now in session at Geneva is not to get rid of arms, but to get rid of fears.

In fact, what is called the preliminary conference on disarmament at Geneva is not really a conference at all. It is rather the session of a large committee to ascertain and establish facts and, if possible, to draw up a program. It is not a political discussion with a view to international action, but the proceedings of a commission of experts. Its purpose is not one of diplomacy, but one of research.

In all such conferences expectations far outrun possible achievement. In the case of this conference popular expectations are likely, not only to outrun

achievement, but to be altogether on the wrong track. People who are seeking to find a means for establishing just and peaceful relations between nations must not look to this conference for establishing such a means. That is not its function. That may be the function of some gathering in the future. At present what these experts are to do is to reconnoiter the ground, find where fears and dangers lie, and prepare the engineering plans for such a structure as the builders who may come after them may find it wise and possible to erect.

Vare's Victory

EITHER the Republican Senatorial primary in Pennsylvania was a contest over prohibition or it was not. Nobody can have it both ways.

Those who want to relax the Prohibition Act and those who would like to see the Prohibition Amendment nullified point out that Mr. Vare, the successful candidate, was the only one of the three who was openly wet. They therefore argue that the result shows that Pennsylvania, so far as the Republican Party, the dominant party in the State, is concerned, is against prohibition. But what the wets fail to note is that Mr. Vare is a minority nominee. The votes against him were many thousands more than the votes for him. If the issue was prohibition, therefore, the Republican Party of Pennsylvania has recorded itself as overwhelmingly dry.

To this it may be answered that the vote cast against Mr. Vare was a vote against the Philadelphia machine, and that the vote against Pepper was a vote against the Pittsburgh machine. If that is true, it is equally true that the vote against Pinchot was a vote against what his opponents regarded as his political vagaries. In that case, the issue was not clearly prohibition.

In either case—whether the contest is regarded as one chiefly over prohibition or not—Mr. Vare's victory cannot be regarded as a popular indorsement of the wet cause.

For a further analysis of the issues in this primary election and the effect of the vote we refer our readers to Mr. Waldo's special correspondence on another page. It is clear that Pennsylvania has permitted a fine public servant to be dismissed from the Senate and has substituted for him one whose record clearly demonstrates his incompetence for service in any important public position. When

zeal outruns discretion, as it appears to have done in the case of Mr. Pinchot and his supporters, the effect may be as harmful as if it were caused by selfishness and corruption.

First Aid to the Farmer

THREE agricultural bills are before Congress—the Haugen Bill, the Tincher Bill, and the Aswell Bill. The Haugen Bill has been defeated in the House of Representatives, and is still to go before the Senate. The other bills have not yet come to vote.

All three bills are aimed at the problem of securing for the farmer a fair price for the staple products of agriculture. The Tincher Bill and the Haugen Bill both create an agricultural council, which in turn nominates an agricultural board, which is also created by this bill. In the Tincher Bill the duties of the agricultural board are practically confined to loaning money to co-operative farm organizations, whereas in the Haugen Bill it is provided that the agricultural board shall actively work for the marketing of farm products. The Aswell Bill provides that the agricultural board shall be created by three farmers' organizations.

These three bills represent attempts to solve the economic problems of the farmer and to settle political unrest. Was it not Mark Twain who said that "Every one is always complaining about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it"? These bills are an attempt to do something with a question which is almost as difficult to handle as the weather itself.

Throughout the Middle West there is undoubtedly a feeling that industry and labor benefit greatly by Governmental assistance. It has been phrased in substance as follows:

Industry is on stilts through the aid of the tariff; labor, through the aid of restricted immigration.

The farmer must get stilts of his own or take away those of industry and labor, so that all three shall be upon the same footing.

Of course the analogy is not wholly sound—very few analogies are. The stilts given to industry and labor are to a certain extent also stilts for the farmer. For the prosperity of labor and the prosperity of industry aid greatly in maintaining prices for farm products.

In so far as the economic situation of the farmers is essentially unsound no

Governmental help of any kind can accomplish a real amelioration of present conditions. Where the cost of production is higher on American farms than elsewhere in the world and where land values are inflated beyond their true productive worth, it will not help, in the long run, to extend Governmental aid any more than it helped the British miners to subsidize uneconomic mining.

If such a measure as the Haugen Bill were to be passed, it could only tend to create a larger surplus of farm products, which in turn would require increased appropriations to process and market. Where there is a surplus of farm products, it will not help to artificially subsidize the creation of that surplus. The resulting cycle of operations is a vicious one. What American agriculture needs is, first of all, an understanding that

over-production or too costly production acts inevitably for the destruction of profit and capital. It needs also a chance to dispose of such products as it can create economically in a sellers' market. The farmer has been tremendously handicapped because all too often he has had little or nothing to say as to the proportion that he should receive of the ultimate price of his products. He has been like the lumberman and the miner who have to trade at a company store. The price of what he has to sell as well as of what he has to buy has been fixed by agencies outside his control. To change this condition without adding unnecessary burdens or creating a new bureaucracy should be the object of agricultural legislation. It is on their ability to do this that the bills now before Congress should be judged.

Book-Collecting

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of *The Outlook*

I HAVE in my lifetime collected perhaps two thousand books, but I have never been a "book-collector." That is to say, I have never sought, nor, for that matter, have I ever been able to buy, rare books and first editions. Until recently I have been perfectly contented with my situation in this respect. The bibliophile who hunts a book because it is a rare first edition, or because of some peculiarity in its typography or imprimatur, or because it has been owned and thumbed by some great figure in literary history, has in the past commanded my admiration but never excited my envy. I have been inclined to agree with Dr. Johnson that, while first editions are great ornaments to any library, the most useful editions for a reading man are often apt to be the last.

But all that is changed. I do not mean to say that I am any more envious of book-collectors than I ever was, but two recent experiences have taught me to set a very much higher value upon their services as promoters of a love of literature. The prime function of books is not to serve as beautiful and interesting curios, but to enable their owners to make some progress in knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world. The two recent experiences to which I have just referred have given me a new glimpse of how potently the real book-collector furthers this desirable end.

The first was an opportunity which I have had within a month of examining some of the rare books and manuscripts that were bequeathed by a New York collector, who died fifty years ago last April, to a well-known club of that city among whose most loyal members he was numbered. These books were recently put on exhibition at the suggestion of a member of the club who has the instinct of a bibliophile for ferreting out rare and interesting instances of literary history. I will mention only one example in this unusual exhibition. It is a first edition of some of the poems and tales of Edgar Allan Poe, which includes "The Raven" and "The Gold Bug." The margins of this particular copy contain corrections and annotations which Poe himself made in lead-pencil. Some of the corrections are purely typographical, but some are radical changes in the style and phraseology. Here one may see some of Poe's criticisms of his own work. He has, for example, stricken out one entire stanza of "The Raven" and written in a new one. He has changed his adjectives in some places and in others altered his fancies or images. Whether these corrections have ever been incorporated in subsequent editions I do not know. I am not enough of a bibliophile for that. But this annotated copy is a striking illustration of the fact that the creative artist

never attains what he himself regards as a perfect or final effect.

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of persistent striving for perfection is found in the translation or paraphrase of the "Rubáiyat" of Omar Khayyám by Edward FitzGerald. This retiring, sensitive, and super-conscientious man of letters published four editions of his "Rubáiyat," with many variations, before he was satisfied. Some of his variations are improvements, some are not, but they go far to show that the best poets are not merely born but are made by the hardest kind of labor. For example, FitzGerald made four versions of the noble first stanza of the "Rubáiyat." In the first edition he wrote:

Awake! For Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that put the Stars to Flight.

In the second edition he changed this to read:

Wake! For the Sun behind yon Eastern height
Has chased the Session of the Stars from Night.

In the first but unpublished draft of the third edition he framed the passage thus:

Wake! For the Sun before him into Night
A Signal flung that put the Stars to flight!

And the final form of the third edition reads as follows:

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night, . . .

Most critics agree that, however admirable FitzGerald's striving for perfection may be, he did not succeed by these modifications in bettering his first inspiration.

But I have left myself too little space to record my second lesson in the fine art of book-collecting. A month ago I had the pleasure and benefit of spending an hour or two in the library of one of the most accomplished of contemporary American collectors, Mr. A. Edward Newton, of Philadelphia. A host of readers know him as the author of many delightful essays about his art, especially of the volume entitled "The Amenities of Book Collecting," which is so entrancing and enticing to amateurs of letters who are not fortunate enough to be

collectors. With no disparagement to the distinguished members of the "Johnson Club" of England, I rise to pronounce Mr. Newton, when measured by the standards of book-collecting, the first of living Johnsonians. His rare books by Johnson and about Johnson, his prints, and his portrait of Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds constitute a unique and beautiful library in themselves. Its value in mere dollars and cents is appalling. As a memento of my visit Mr. Newton gave me a copy of the facsimile which he has caused to be made of the catalogue of the sale of Dr. Johnson's library.

This catalogue is one of the rarest and most highly prized specimens in the flora of bibliophilia. Mr. Newton's own copy was once the property of General Oglethorpe, who founded the State of Georgia and who used to give Dr. Johnson famous dinners in exchange for the latter's equally famous conversation. General Oglethorpe was present and bought something on each of the four days of the sale, including an Irish grammar in a miscellaneous parcel for which he paid sixteen shillings. These facts are known because Mr. Newton discovered another copy of the catalogue, owned by a gentleman in London, with notations made by the auctioneer on the margins opposite each of the six hundred and sixty-two items. These annotations show each purchaser's name and the purchase price. It is this copy which Mr. Newton has reproduced in facsimile. The proceeds of the sale—including a first folio of Shakespeare, which went for one pound two shillings to a gentleman named Ireland—amounted to less than two hundred and fifty pounds. Think of it! And think in connection with it of Dr. Johnson's remark at the auction sale of Thrane's brewery. "We are not here," he said, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

Dr. Johnson's library was sold in the famous auction-room in London, then and still known as Christie's, in 1785, two months after its owner's death. I would not presume to equal the charming essay by Mr. Newton which constitutes the introduction to the facsimile catalogue. The beautifully printed volume is slight in physique but enormous in its revelation of Dr. Johnson's personality and tastes. It brings into life-like relief the lines and features of Boswell's immortal portrait. I have spent

several hours of entertainment in examining and re-examining the catalogue and have made some casual memoranda of the items which it contains.

Dr. Johnson owned at least six or seven works of medicine and surgery, including "Mudge on a catarrhus cough" and "Mudge on the small pox," which makes one realize the great lexicographer's physical sufferings and hypochondria. Whether this medical Mudge is the same Mudge whose edition of the Psalms Dr. Johnson appeared to value I have found no means of discovering.

There is no copy of Boswell by me here in the country, where I am writing this, but I seem to remember a remarkable legal opinion which Johnson, although not a barrister, once gave Boswell about some lawsuit of the little devoted Scot's. The catalogue explains Johnson's legal lore. He owned many books of legal statutes and philosophy, including four volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries, thirty volumes of the Acts of Parliament, and a copy of "De Jure ac Belli," by Grotius. Dr. Andrew D. White in his "Seven Great Statesmen" calls this work by Grotius on war and peace, written nearly a hundred years before Johnson's birth, one of the epoch-making books of the world.

Beethoven, who was just fourteen years old the month that Dr. Johnson died, suffered, like the author of "Rasselas," from physical ills that brought him to the verge of despair. He says in one of his diaries that he was fortified and taught patience by Plutarch. Dr. Johnson doubtless also found comfort in the Greek moralist, for he owned an edition of Plutarch published in 1542. It may have been a Latin translation, for the volume bore the title of "Plutarchi moralia opuscula." The learned Doctor read Latin as easily as he read English, but he was also an excellent Greek scholar. He owned three copies of the New Testament in Greek, one of which he must have bought only a few months before his death, for it was published in London in 1783.

In Johnson's day sermons were a valued form of literature, and the catalogue contains many items of these clerical compositions, which confirms what we know from Boswell of Dr. Johnson's devout interest in theological writings. But it is quite in harmony with the Boswellian reports of his voracious literary appetite to find that his reading was not limited to theology, poetry, the classics,

and history. There was a scientific corner in his mind, for he owned a very respectable collection of books on arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, chemistry, and astronomy. He had little ear for music and sometimes spoke contemptuously of it. It is therefore surprising to see that he possessed three volumes on music by Dr. Burney, who was Dr. Johnson's contemporary, and was one of the foremost historians and critics of music in his day. But perhaps Dr. Johnson's capitulation to music was because Dr. Burney was the father of Fanny Burney, the author of "Evelina" and one of the founders of the art of novel writing in English; and we know from Boswell that Dr. Johnson was greatly captivated by her personal charms as well as by her literary precocity.

He was interested in *belles-lettres* as well as in the heavier forms of literature. In spite of his denunciations of the French, and presumably of the Latin races generally, he apparently read Spanish, French, and Italian. His library contained a quarto Spanish edition of "Don Quixote," the works of Racine, a French Bible, a two-volume Italian dictionary, and a copy of Boccaccio's "Decameron" in the original. It is to be hoped that the passages which Bohn thought it necessary to interpolate in French in his English translation of the "Decameron" did not offset the moral advantages which the good Doctor found in his comprehensive collection of sermons and in his copy of Plutarch.

One might go on with many other items of this remarkable catalogue which set one to thinking about the extraordinary variety of Dr. Johnson's human and literary interests. Mr. Newton, among other things, has this to say of it:

The Catalogue of Johnson's library! Our book-collecting, then, all comes to this. A man spends freely of his time, his money, and his energy—and dies. And ere he is cold in his grave, enter his executors with power to act and sell under the hammer of the auctioneer the books which were once a part and parcel of the man himself.

I beg to differ. I have learned that the work of such a collector as Mr. Newton, no matter what dispersal his library may eventually suffer, throws a clear and guiding illumination upon literature *as literature*. Thus he deserves a *croix de guerre* in the never-ending war of civilization on ignorance and mediocrity.

The Outcome of the Republican Primaries in Pennsylvania¹

A Survey and an Interpretation of an Extraordinary Contest

By FULLERTON WALDO

ON Tuesday, May 18, at the Republican primaries in Pennsylvania, Representative William S. Vare was preferred for the Senatorial nomination over Governor Gifford Pinchot and Senator George Wharton Pepper; and John S. Fisher was chosen to be the party standard-bearer in the campaign for the Governorship over Edward E. Beidleman. Vare and Beidleman were the candidates of that organization which Elihu Root, at the Union League Club in Philadelphia, once called "a corrupt and criminal combination masquerading as Republicans;" so that the politically incorruptible and undefiled who deplore the victory of Mr. Vare in the Senatorial contest find their disappointment tempered by satisfaction in the defeat of Beidleman, his running mate, for the gubernatorial nomination.

The vote for Vare was about 600,000, as compared with about 500,000 for Pepper and more than 300,000 for Pinchot. Thus it is seen that if the Organization solidarity had been pitted against a house of reform undivided, Vare's plurality of almost 100,000 over Pepper and nearly 300,000 over Pinchot would have been transformed into a shortage of 200,000 votes, and Vare would have found himself in an overwhelmed minority.

On the other hand, Mr. Fisher became the party nominee for the Governorship after his rival, Mr. Beidleman, had received many floral tributes and much back-slapping as the presumable winner. Tardy returns from rural districts changed Beidleman's meager surplus into a deficit of about 15,000. The disconcerted manager of Beidleman says that he intends to challenge the figures; it is highly improbable that they will be sufficiently changed to alter the result, as it is also unlikely that the Senate "probe" into the cost of the primary candidacies will amount to anything.

Of Vare's total vote more than half came from Philadelphia, where he carried all but one ward. Outside of the city, which is also Philadelphia County, he carried but six counties in a total of 67. Mr. Vare, with his "machine-tooled" victory, thus finds himself with Philadel-



Keystone

William S. Vare

phia as his pocket borough and the State at large disconcertingly independent of his control.

ON the day after this momentous primary election, May 19, Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, on the floor of the Senate ascribed the outcome to two causes. The first of these, he said, was the interjection of Governor Pinchot and his candidacy, dividing the so-called "dry" sentiment. The second cause, he declared, was "a wave of resentment against the Prohibition Law, which blinded many people to the real questions at issue. It was the one opportunity they thought they would have for an expression of their sentiment on the wet-and-dry question." In a feeling aside, he added: "I believe that question ought to be taken out of politics, at least out of the campaigns for choice of representatives in the Senate, by allowing the people of Pennsylvania to express their sentiments in a referendum on that subject, so that we may know what they

think, without having to try to read it through the dim glass of their choice of a particular candidate in a primary."

These statements of Senator Reed, illuminative as they are, invite comment. In the first place, it may fairly be asked by a dispassionate outsider whether Pinchot deservedly incurs censure for his refusal to withdraw from the field in favor of Pepper. The two men had been friends, hailing each other as "Dear George" and "Dear Gifford" in correspondence. One link between them was a shared admiration of Roosevelt; but that admiration has often been conceived and expressed by very different types of men. Pepper and Pinchot are temperamentally unlike. Pinchot is a crusader sometimes carried by the initial momentum of generous impulse to extremes that lend color to the charge of fanaticism; Pepper too is an idealist and a visionary, but he is also a Philadelphia lawyer. Pinchot by his effort for the conservation of the forest land of Nation and State has conferred a benefit on his own time and on posterity such as entitles him to be held in grateful remembrance. Pepper, an extremely able attorney and a devout Episcopal churchman, is a gentleman and scholar in politics whose occasional efforts to speak the language of the Organization stalwarts—as when at a ward meeting he said, "We shall spit in the bulldog's eye"—have only accentuated the difference between the kind of man he is and the kind that is a servile and a willing henchman of the feudal system which Vare inherited from Quay and Penrose.

Pepper and Pinchot are both aligned with what the Organization derides as the silk-stocking and highbrow element. It is the boast of Vare, on the other hand, that he came from the people, has stayed with the people, and will be one of the people to the end. His favorite campaign ditty averred that he "followed the plow and milked the cow." In the early days he owned pigs and collected city garbage for them; after that he took contracts, with his brothers, for street cleaning. He is proud of the fact that he is self-made. He holds himself accountable as a partisan of the strictest sect of the system whereby he rose—a

¹ See editorial comment.

system of orders obeyed, of dues assessed upon office-holders and of tribute collected, of rewards for the obedient and punishment for the refractory, of year-round goodness to the poor, of liberal "recognition" of those who work to get out the vote and watch at the polls.

VARE has been almost a cipher in his fourteen years in the House of Representatives at Washington. He has a record as an absentee when many important votes were taken. His boast has been his insignificant membership on the Appropriations Committee. He has followed the political principle of "addition, division, and silence." But in Philadelphia, where he was first a Councilman and then recorder of deeds, he came to power, and now that power is confirmed and made absolute by his succession to the throne vacated by those infinitely abler men, Matthew Stanley Quay and Boies Penrose.

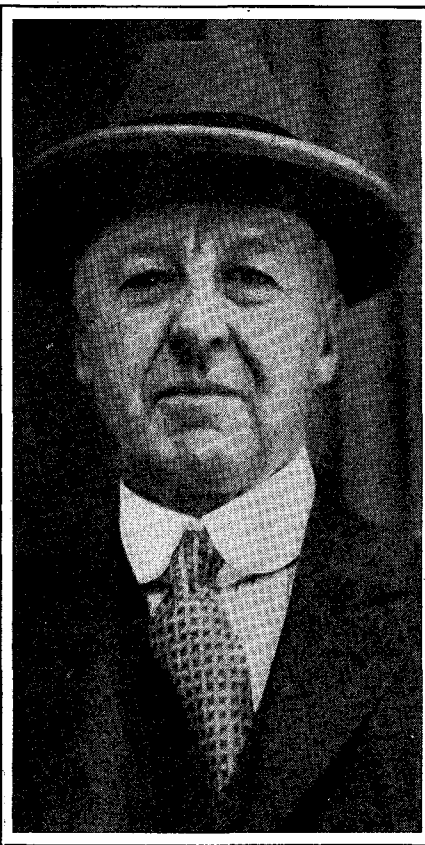
Pepper, appointed by Sproul, thought his record at Washington entitled him to be returned to office as the result of a popular election. He announced himself a candidate last September.

Governor Pinchot entered the field against him last March, after calling a special session of the Legislature, which turned down several of the Governor's pet measures, such as the election reform and the liquor legislation bills.

A few days later Vare, seeing his shining opportunity, entered the arena against Pepper and Pinchot. He thought a platform advocating a modification of the Volstead Act to permit the use of light wines and beer was all the platform he needed. At the recent Senate investigation when he was requested to depart from a prepared written statement to answer questions concerning the probable effect of a modification he contented himself with saying that he was no lawyer; and plainly he required guidance in order to formulate logical answers to rational queries. He made the poorest possible impression as a witness; but those who have managed his successful campaign, thinking and acting for him as far as possible, are content to put before the people his party regularity and his moist philosophy, and do not care about the rest. Harry Mackay, City Treasurer of Philadelphia, as Vare campaign manager has been the Bunty or Tony Sarg who pulled the strings; and Vare has not made a move, nor said a word, nor signed on a dotted line, save at the behest of this astute politician, who turned every mistake of Pinchot or Pepper to the profit of his candidate, and saw his chance in the unfortunate division of the "reform" forces.

THE three candidates publicly declared the chief planks of their several platforms.

Pepper, calling Pinchot a trouble-maker, said that the primary offered "no opportunity to make any useful solution of the wet-and-dry problem," and did not range himself with either side on this issue. He made a strong point of his loyal support of the Administration of President Coolidge.



International

John S. Fisher

Pinchot said: "On the liquor issue I will stand, vote, and fight dry under any and all circumstances." He was "against the political gang in Philadelphia and in every other county in Pennsylvania." He cited Roosevelt's accolade, saying that the latter would have named him Secretary of State had he been elected in 1912, and declared that he was supported by the great majority of Pennsylvania women and by the 250,000 members of the United Mine Workers.

Vare in his statement confined himself to the issue raised by the Volstead Act, denounced it on the threadbare score of infringement of personal liberty, and concluded by saying, "I would advocate a law permitting the sale of light wines and beer."

No one who voted intelligently needed to be in doubt as to the stand of each of these candidates. One wet champion confronted two dry protagonists.

But when it came to the "show-down" at the polling-places in the primary, it is

perfectly certain that many wets voted for Pepper simply because these voters could not endure the thought of being represented in the Senate by Mr. Vare. Mr. Pepper had previously indicated that he would act upon the issue as the popular preference of Pennsylvanians suggested; if most of the people wanted a modification of the Volstead Act, he would favor it; if the majority went dry, he would side with the majority.

It is also certain that many wet votes were cast for Pinchot because of a personal regard for the man and approval of his policies and practices. Thus in the coal regions the miners in many instances voted for Pinchot and Beidleman, wet candidate for Governor.

As for the victory of Fisher over Beidleman in the contest for the gubernatorial nomination, it is significant to note that Fisher as a State Senator was chairman of the committee that investigated the Capitol scandal and vigorously pushed the prosecution. Under Governor Sproul, he was an excellent Commissioner of Banking. He won the staunch support of Joseph R. Grundy, head of the Manufacturers' Association and a very influential factor in Pennsylvania politics. Grundy and Pepper had a falling out, and Pepper had openly defied Grundy, so that the Grundy influence, used unreservedly in favor of Fisher as Governor, did not in the least aid Pepper's Senatorial candidacy.

Beidleman had openly declared himself against the Grundy influence. He said: "I am antagonistic to everything that spells Grundyism." His candidacy was seriously embarrassed by the fact that while he was Lieutenant-Governor he had accepted a \$5,000 check from Auditor-General Charles A. Snyder for appearing in a tax-collection case as his attorney. A curious circumstance is that the late Edwin H. Vare (brother of the Senatorial nominee) four years ago said that the acceptance of this money put him out of the running as a gubernatorial possibility. Yet on the present occasion William S. Vare accepted Beidleman as his running mate, and declared their political interests identical.

The eleventh hour upset in favor of Fisher after Beidleman had been crowned and hailed the victor is a heavy blow to Vare, since it shatters his hope of controlling the State as he controls Philadelphia. It is a blow to W. Harry Baker, chairman of the Republican State Committee, who had thrown the whole weight of his influence into Beidleman's candidacy and who could not afford the costly failure. With a Governor and a State administration under his thumb at

Harrisburg, Vare would have been czar of Pennsylvania, and he could reasonably expect, two years hence, to displace the other Senator from Pennsylvania, David Reed, of Pittsburgh, who has the powerful support of the Mellon interests. Vare intends to have himself made National Committeeman from Pennsylvania, in fulfillment of his design to play off both ends of the State against the middle and confirm his domination everywhere. But with Fisher instead of Beidleman at Harrisburg, he will find himself facing a high-minded and patriotic opponent whose mettle has been

proved and who at every turn will try to thwart this effort to fasten on the State at large boss rule and the evils of the system that obtains in Philadelphia.

THOUGH Vare's victory, as has been seen, is seriously qualified by the success of Fisher, it has already had country-wide and even international repercussions. The contest in Pennsylvania was being watched with intense anxiety by opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment all over the land, who were desirous of having a test vote taken as an index of popular sentiment and an in-

dication of the manner in which they should trim their own sails to catch the breeze whatever the trend might be. The wets have hailed the Vare nomination as proof that the people want "Volsteadism" modified, if not abolished. The dries are to some extent disheartened, even though, as has been indicated, the vote is not to be regarded simply as a wet-and-dry referendum. And certain European nations, already skeptical regarding our "experiment" with prohibition, will see in the Pennsylvania result the proof on a large scale of a popular counter-revolution against a restrictive edict.

Can a Prohibition Agent Be Honest?

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

CHARLES L. CARSLAKE, who served the Government for three years as a prohibition agent, told me that he could easily have become a rich man during that period by accepting bribes.

In giving into this temptation Mr. Carslake said that he would have only been doing "the usual thing." But instead he lived on his \$2,000 a year salary and, as an experienced detective, gave his best efforts night and day toward the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

He succeeded in making a record for seizures of trucks illegally transporting bootleg liquor. He played no favorites. He tried his best to get at the big bootleg operators. He made arrests both during his hours of duty and during the hours in which he was supposed to rest. Rum-runners throughout the whole State of New Jersey feared him as an efficient enforcement officer who could not be bought off. In short, he did his duty.

With what result?

Notes that he was carrying in the bank could not be renewed. He was forced to mortgage his farm. Pressure was brought to bear upon him. Attempts were made to blacken his reputation. He realized that he was in danger of going through a long siege of financial difficulties. He called his children together and told them frankly what he was up against. "I know that I have not given you the luxuries and advantages you should have. I know that things will probably get worse as I go along. I can very easily change all that by going the easiest way and taking my rake-off along with most of the others. What shall I do?"

"No matter what happens, dad, we don't want you to do anything crooked."

Carslake continued to do his duty and

to live up to his oath of office—that is, he did so as long as he was allowed to continue in the Government's employ. He was soon eased out of the Federal service. Now as a Burlington County detective and as a private operative he continues to expose violations of the Prohibition Law, as well as other laws. Things still go pretty hard for him. A big, husky man, with splendid courage and a strong character, he stands up under it all—disillusioned, angry, and a bit discouraged, but still plugging along.

NEXT week I am going to tell you of another honest Federal prohibition agent who did his duty. This man paid the price of dismissal and abuse with a complete physical breakdown.

"Decent people don't realize what a Government officer who does his level best is up against," ex-Agent Carslake said to me. "We act as a bumper between decent folks and the underworld, and the underworld seems to have all the best of it as far as crack legal and financial assistance is concerned. The people don't back us up. A great majority of those who eat and go to bed at regular hours have not the slightest conception of what is going on in this underground liquor traffic. Individuals don't seem to care anything about it until they themselves are hit between the eyes. Then they wake up. It has to be personal. Ordinarily they are not at all concerned and pooh-pooh the importance of the whole matter. But when it hits their own family then they become red-headed. There is a prominent man down in this neck of the woods whom no one could get excited about the continued violations of the dry law. But when, after a large party given at his home, almost all the young people were drunk and his own daughter was insulted, then

he went on a rampage to get every bootlegger in the country locked up."

"Mr. Carslake, what temptations do Federal agents have to face?" I asked.

"An agent who is at all feared by the 'leggers can obtain from them as much money in two weeks as he would draw from the Government in an entire year. After I had made a reputation of spotting and knocking down booze trucks I was offered \$1,000 a week by the bootleggers if I would not interfere with their business. They also guaranteed to furnish me two trucks a week which I could seize so as to keep my record clean with the Federal authorities. From others I have been offered the lump sum of \$10,000 cash to let their trucks ride. A representative of another gang offered me \$500 a week while I was standing in a district attorney's office. It is nothing at all to be offered \$1,000 by the driver of a single truck captured. Even in raiding little wash-boiler stills in some old shack on a side of a hill, it is customary to be offered from \$250 to \$300 to say nothing.

"A Federal agent living on a \$2,000 salary and with no private income can't drive expensive cars of twice that cost and be on the level, and don't let anybody tell you that he can. Why do you suppose so many are anxious to get appointed as Federal agents at this small salary? I know agents who did not have anything more than the clothes on their backs when they came into the service and who have bought tens of thousands of dollars' worth of real estate, several expensive cars, and anything that an extravagant millionaire would wish.

"I remember an instance of a man who was taken on the force, flat broke. His clothes were all worn thin, and he hardly had enough money to buy a lunch. In a few days he appeared in

expensive clothes and displayed a diamond stick-pin. While sitting in the agents' room one day, the tailor 'phoned, saying that this man's suit which had been sent to him to press contained several one-hundred-dollar bills rolled up in the vest pocket. The tailor simply wanted to notify the agent that he had found the money. All the other officers in the room burst out laughing."

THIS report of grafting among Federal prohibition agents can hardly be considered as news. Almost every one in and out of the Government service knows that such a condition exists. General Andrews admitted in his testimony at the recent hearing before the Senate Committee in Washington that 875 agents, or a very large proportion of the total number, had been dismissed for this reason. The important point to note, it seems to me, is that an agent can pile up a considerable fortune before he is caught, and then he is not prosecuted, but simply asked to resign. High officers of the Prohibition Unit have stated that the Government policy is not to bring any proceedings against a grafting agent or to have any publicity about it, but simply to require his leaving the service. Many of the ex-agents then make use of their experience by entering the bootlegging business themselves. Mr. Carslake mentioned an instance in which a rum truck was seized with an ex-prohibition director in command of it.

"Local police usually can't do anything about prohibition violations, even if they want to," said Mr. Carslake. "If they try to make unwanted arrests, they only cut off their own heads. People higher up won't stand for enforcement. A cop who is getting a salary of \$100 or so a month and who is keeping up a home and has a wife and several children dependent upon him finds it hard to withstand the argument of the bootlegger, which runs something as follows: 'You have to live as well as I do. I am doing my best to keep my family in funds. This is a bum law, anyway, which was slipped over on us. You have got a right to take care of your kids too, so why not take this twenty-five dollars or fifty dollars and lay off? We'll take care of you on our weekly pay-roll.'"

In going about Camden and other South New Jersey towns I noticed how openly liquor was being sold. In some barrooms they do not even bother to draw the shades. There can be little question but that the local officials know exactly what is going on. Policemen walk in front of and into these places, but nothing is done about it.

The prohibition agent not only has the financial temptation to resist, but he also

receives many threats of bodily harm; and he is quite well aware that in some cases he is dealing with desperate characters who would not hesitate to put him out of the way. "Several bootleggers told me," said Mr. Carslake, "that they would see to it that I died with my shoes on."

"What kind of men go into the Fed-



Charles L. Carslake

eral prohibition service?" I asked Mr. Carslake.

"Of course, you find some splendid men," he replied, "but in the main they are in the service to get as much out of it as they can. Some of them would steal anything from liquor to jewelry in making raids.

"It is so easy for a prohibition agent to make a great deal of money, and systems have been evolved which enable him to cover up his profits, so that it is very difficult to prove that he has actually made money from bootleg graft. It is usually arranged so that there is some excuse provided where he could have made this money in a legitimate way.

"With my record, I could easily have piled up a small fortune. It would not have been hard to get away with it. I could have bluffed it through and no one could have touched me. If I had done this, every one would have been on my side.

"There would be a good chance of enforcing this law to a reasonably high degree of efficiency if the Government would adopt the policy of locking a man up when it gets something on him. At the present time the moral fiber in this country seems to be very, very thin. With politics and the underworld hooked up together and so much underground influence working throughout the depart-

ment, I don't think there is a chance of the law being enforced. If officialdom were knocked out, I think it could be done. It would have to be put up to the local people, however. A good deal of the red tape would have to be done away with. Some of the directors of public safety and other local officers would have to be sent to jail. I don't think there would be much trouble in making a good showing in enforcement if it was gone at in earnest."

"Do you mean to say that an agent who wishes to enforce the law is hampered in his efforts?" I asked.

"Of course he is. If you tread on the toes of men higher up or their friends, you are immediately called off. At various times the entire force of agents would be stationed on guard duty at certain out-of-the-way places, and, although we had no proof of the fact that we were being put there to be kept out of the way for some large movement of liquor, we all felt sure that that was the reason. Whenever I would get particularly active in knocking off a few of the eighty or ninety beer trucks that pass over a certain road each night I would get a telegram ordering me to some other part of the State. About half my time was spent upon the trains, going from point to point, for no particular reason that I could figure out, except to keep me out of the way. Upon one occasion I was taken off the road, where I had been making a great many seizures, and placed on warehouse duty for five days. Every bootlegger in the State knew it, and when I happened to make an arrest while off duty the rum-runner said: 'I thought you were in the warehouse. What are you doing out here?' Sometimes I would get the same beer-truck driver as many as six or eight times. I have heard of trucks being released when it was claimed the samples taken from the trucks were near-beer, and not real beer. We all knew, though it would be difficult to prove, that somewhere along the line these samples of near-beer had been exchanged for the samples of high-powered beer seized."

As I was leaving Mr. Carslake he said: "I admit I am pretty sore; but can you blame me? The supposedly good people don't back us up. Some of them that pretend to be good live two kinds of lives—daytime lives of respectability and nighttime lives when they are not above breaking the law themselves. A little while ago I had with me a highly respected man who was strongly vouched for by the Federation of Churches, but he had his own arrangements for getting liquor and drank openly in the roadhouse we visited. It is a pretty discouraging proposition, I can tell you."

Is Democracy Bankrupt?

By CHARLES MAURRAS

Editor of "L'Action Française"

IS democracy bankrupt? This is evident for an increasing number of thinking Frenchmen, and soon it will be what I believe you call a truism with them. Do not attach too much importance to the electoral storm of 1924. Educated opinion, which is what we are concerned with, was astounded by it, as was popular opinion also. Anxious, though not really fearful, for their "rights," a million civil servants succeeded in upsetting four million electors; and, the mischief done, men begin to ask one another with concern how to be rid of a régime which could allow of such upheavals.

But we must come to an agreement about the terms we use, for it is a controversial matter. I can call democracy the government of goodness and beauty. I can say that democracy is identical with demophily. I can assert that it is a government designed and carried on for the good of the people. Strictly, the word democracy means government by the people; or, more accurately, the régime which gives the control of the state to the most numerous—that is, to the least cultured; that is, to the less well informed; that is, to those least able to choose and act with freedom and discernment. The mediocrity of such a government must be obvious before even it is tried. But France has made the experiment, and Frenchmen are becoming less and less satisfied with it.

They need only to look at some historical landmarks. We had in 1789 a national monarchy which governed in the most general interests of the country and whose foundation and strength depended on numerous powerful and well-instructed middle classes, the nurseries of civil servants, of political and judicial counselors. Nearly all Ministers of State came from their ranks, the remainder being supplied by the high and low Catholic clergy, the so-called noble class supplying chiefly the higher ranks of the services, but not exclusively. This régime exhibited certain titular and fiscal inequalities. It was to get rid of them that we have this equalitarian revolution, this democratic evolution. What have we gained by it? Some small, fleeting advantages which were on the way to fulfillment in the simple course of time—small holdings have increased in the last

thirty years much less than has been said—and we have lost tremendously.

A SEAFARING folk will understand our first catastrophe—the destruction of our navy. Before the Revolution Great Britain considered us as competitors and possible rivals at sea. After the tragedy which Waterloo decided the most ambitious of the French had to content themselves with second place. We now occupy the fifth. We have a fine colonial empire, but no ships to guard it! On the Continent the years 1792, 1814, 1815, 1870, 1914 stand for invasions not equally menacing yet humiliating and destructive, whatever the result was. Does it not seem to you that five invasions in five quarter-centuries is a good deal for one nation? No such misfortune has, it would seem, happened to Great Britain since the year of our Lord 1066. My friend Jacques Bainville points out in his "History of France" that the Germans, masters of Paris in 1814, calculated that nine centuries had elapsed since their eagles had flown over the heights of Montmartre. This appearance of the foreigner—or, as the Greeks were wont to say, the barbarian—on what our revolutionaries called "the sacred soil of the motherland" shows the disparity between what these last have promised and what the régime they invented has achieved.

In home affairs the same illusions. In 1785 we had the densest and most numerous population, taken absolutely, of all Continental and even insular European states. Our birth rate has declined and our population has steadily decreased for nearly a century; its decline dates from 1831. The rural population is thinning, and if the towns increase out of measure, neither the quantity of our production nor the quality of our method of production has improved in the democratic period. *Pari passu*, with the spread of democratic ideas, and especially since the Third Republic, our economic apparatus has depreciated because our economic life began to lose its vitality for want of guidance from above and initiative from below. The professional classes, especially in the provinces and the whole professional organization both town and country, were razed by the revolutionary movement; their partial building up again, undertaken after the storm, remained far below our needs.

I do not wish to speak abroad of the increase in crime, nor of the lowered morals, nor of the weakening of religious ties, nor of the various educational and judicial crises—subjects too painful, but which must be hinted at to explain the happy but expensive reaction which is taking place in the French mind.

This reaction has arisen in the intellectual classes—the academic, literary, philosophic, and scientific worlds. It flows from the work of the best French minds of the nineteenth century, whether Catholic or anti-Catholic. Maistre, Bonald, Balzac, Veuillot, Le Play, Auguste Comte, and Maurice Barrès have taken part in this movement. To-day it is spreading throughout the country. The Frenchman is beginning to consider what he has lost in Europe and what is wrong in his own house. A walk through Paris or Versailles reminds him that most of her reputation as a nation, her authority, her prestige, come from the relics of what he used to call Old France and which reveals herself daily, young, fresh, and new in the esteem of the entire world. The Frenchman feels that he is first and foremost an inheritor. An inheritor of what and of whom? Not of the democratic age, which was rich in brilliant talent and generous impulse, but which has left so few finished monuments or lasting works. We are the inheritors of the old régime.

AND if the inheritance has decreased or has been increasing too slowly we are beginning to get some idea of the causes. They may be reduced to two:

(1) We have lacked authority, stability, moral and material order in the state; and this through the fault of democracy. Whether parliamentary, plebiscitary, imperialist, or republican, the democratic state is based altogether on popular election; which is as much as to say that it walks upside down. And the head changes so frequently that it has no opportunity of applying the few just ideas that come to it in this uncomfortable position.

(2) We have lacked the necessary public, social, and civil liberty—freedom of religion, of the family, of the commune, of the province, of profession, of handicraft—because the natural tendency of democracy is to make all political life an affair between the individual and the state. Anglo-Saxon wisdom has

¹An editorial on this subject appears elsewhere in this issue.

in all times happily reserved this freedom, or at least curtailed it only very gradually. The tidal wave of logic has been so strong with us as to sweep away or threaten to sweep away house and home. This is one of the principal causes of depopulation; birds no longer come if you destroy the nests.

This double cause of national and social weakness is bound up for us with the history of democracy. Our foreign pol-

icy has been poor because of the inadequacy by their training of those who hold high office—as admitted by the Socialist member Marcel Sembat; and we have not had that economic and moral stability which should correspond with the resources of the race and its territory, for hand in hand with the political impotence of democracy there goes the tremendous force of dissolution according to law. On this point an Eng-

lishman of the last century made a singularly luminous and prophetic remark. It was after Waterloo. The victorious Prussians were all for dismembering us. But Lord Castlereagh said: "Leave them to themselves; France is already sufficiently enfeebled by her régime." And this régime formulates and sums up the blind destructive equalitarianism of democracy. Who can wonder that we have had enough of it?

Defaming American Painting

By CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

Who sets our standards of taste? Are there any real standards to set? You may or may not agree with Mr. Buchanan, but you will have to answer these questions when you read this article

SOME years ago, writing in the "Bookman" and the "International Studio," I repeatedly called attention to what I believed to be a consistent campaign of disparagement directed against American painting in general and certain American painters in particular. I had reason to suspect that foreign influences and certain persons in this country of exotic and faddish predilections were working to discourage the American picture buyer's interest and belief in native American art. I was met on all sides by incredulity and dislike. American dealers and painters hoisted human nature's servile and fatuous motto, "Don't start anything." When a certain American painter died, and one of the most prominent magazines in this country was approached by his executors with the request that, in accordance with his expressed designation, I should be allowed to write a memorial appreciation of his work, the request was denied on the ground that I was a sort of fanatic who gratuitously stirred up trouble.

This was ten to a dozen years ago. To-day a certain type of American painting has depreciated a hundred to a hundred and fifty per cent in commercial value. A few nights back, at the American Art Galleries, New York, six pictures of J. Francis Murphy's sold for \$16,600, as compared with the price of \$25,200 originally paid for them. Here was the well-known "Road to the Old Farm," for which a price of \$7,500 was paid in 1916, selling for \$3,600. Here was the exquisite "Morning," for which the owner had paid \$3,000, selling for \$2,400. A disheartening depreciation.

And this, mind you, in the work of a painter who was, five to six years ago, accredited the foremost landscape painter of this country.

Note the following: A person may say, "Well, this is only one painter. Maybe Murphy sold too high years ago. Maybe he was over-boomed. Maybe he was not a first-rater, after all."

Which is perfectly logical, perfectly open and aboveboard. The important thing is the fact that not only Murphy but a dozen other painters have gone down and out to a similar extent. And these painters have, so some persons think, represented the flower of a certain type of American painting.

To many persons, the matter will seem of little importance. Some people may even go so far as to think that painting is inherently an inferior art, an art that cannot rank co-equal in importance and indispensability with the arts of music and literature. Other persons will appreciate the fact that other countries have seen fit to encourage their art, to export it, to commandeer it, literally, upon occasions, for purposes of propaganda. This country has done none of these things. To the contrary, it has appeared to take a sort of pervert, fulsome gratification in disparaging its art. There is little doubt that one of its most successful painters, J. Francis Murphy, was subjected to a campaign of disparagement that came close to downright defamation.

It is obvious that if American painting, as an art manifestation, is inherently inferior, there is no use in trying to bolster it up with small-town optimism. The weight of portentous critical opin-

ion is against American painting. Mr. Christian Brinton tells us it is anachronistic. Mr. Leo Stein, writing some years ago in the "New Republic," tells us that America has produced one painter only, Albert Ryder. A certain foreigner, who maintains an art gallery in this city, dismisses American painting contemptuously, whether it be Inness, Homer, or any one you choose. And so on.

ON the other hand, there are persons who believe that American painting—our landscape painting in particular—is, in a way, the finest development that this phase of the art of painting has so far shown. On this side of the fence one may note Mr. Cortissoz, Mr. Caffin, and (wonder of wonders!) Mr. James Hunecker. So the thing simmers down to the question of what constitutes good art; and this writer does not presume to offer a definition of a subject that has been in debate since the world began. All that this article intends is to set down certain concrete facts, and certain sincere and significant allegations. Accepting as a working basis the hypothesis that American painting, in certain instances, has produced an exquisite blending and amalgamation of antecedent points of view, that is in itself intrinsically valid and beautiful, what do we find?

We find that the American public has practically no appreciation of the fact that this country has produced certain painters that can hang, so far as a consummate artistry goes, with any art of a like nature that the world has so far seen. We find that the average person

is talking about the possibility of a problematic future American painting, without the slightest notion of the fact that a superb American painting is in our very midst. We hear people talking glibly about the latest fad who have never heard of Albert Ryder, Twachtman, Thayer, Dewing, Carlsen, Weir, Murphy, Bellows, Luks, and so on. "We Have No American Art" is almost as much our National anthem as "Yes, We Have No Bananas." The lamentation is absurd, sycophantish, and insincere; for it reveals one of two things—either a slovenly ignorance, or an ulterior prejudice. As regards the latter, a few straight-from-the-shoulder remarks may be in order.

This country has been for years the dumping-ground for the art output of the entire world. We are an exploited nation, artistically speaking. We are bowed down before a foreign fetish. Lacking the courage and honesty of a genuine art instinct, we let other people lead us around by the nose. We are the plum, commercially speaking, in the Christmas pie for Little Jack Horner Europe to pull.

Do not misunderstand. This article is not advocating a small-town, brass-band Jingoism. That is absurd. It is right and proper that we should defer to European standards, when those standards are, as they are seventy-five per cent of the time, pre-eminent. On the other hand, it is fatuous for this country not to perceive when it is being played (pardon the vernacular) for a "sucker." Our rich men deplore in one breath our lack of native art, and in another breath expend hundreds of thousands of dollars in importing foreign art, under the plausible allegation that they are "educating" the American public. The contention is made here that this sort of thing is "bunk." They are not educating the American public. What they are doing is distracting, dazzling, and demoralizing the American public, surfeiting the American public, spoiling the American public. And their motives are not above suspicion; they may be usually traced to a human urge for self-advertisement, or a dubious interest in foreign propaganda.

Just what constitutes "propaganda" is difficult to determine. For instance, no one may quarrel with the legitimate business efforts of Germany, France, Russia, and so on, to create, maintain, and further a market in this country for their art. This is all in the day's work. Free trade in art is desirable. The trouble is that in the matter of painting

the free trade is all on the side of the foreigner. Every conceivable influence, both psychological and concrete, is working to sell foreign art in this country; no one nor any influence, either of press agent or salesman, is working to sell American art abroad. More than this, there is something very like an organized campaign endeavoring to defame American painting. I do not know whether it be true, as a well-known painter claims, that this thing amounts to actual propaganda; I do know that instances can be given where the collector of American painting has been influenced by persons of foreign birth or exotic affiliations to dispose of his American paintings and purchase foreign paintings. As a matter of fact, the thing happened in the case of one of New York's best-known philanthropists. I do know that both foreign and American art dealers and art critics go about in this country disparaging our painting. This is not half-baked, hair-brained nonsense; it is fact. I refrain from specifications not out of timidity but out of courtesy. I wonder whether Germany, France, or Russia would tolerate an American who went about openly and sneeringly seeking to depreciate the native art of these countries!

It is the assumption of some editorial comment on this subject that American painting will win out, eventually, on its intrinsic merits, regardless of the handicaps imposed upon it. This is a convenient rut of thinking, which takes no account of the enormous factor of foreign precedent and prestige. More than that, it is a defense reaction, built up to excuse our idiotic lack of independence. Art has to be advertised as well as automobiles. How shall we expect to put our art on the international map when our critics are either fearful of committing themselves to an unequivocal indorsement of it or are engaged in defaming it?

I contend that the American art critic has shown cowardice or incompetence in his attitude towards American painting. I claim that the press has shamefully ignored the subject of American painting. I claim that our museums—our Metropolitan, especially—have exhibited a supercilious indifference to native art. And I know for a fact that European influences are maintained in this country by persons whose activities, however sincere and legitimate they may be, are equally subversive of our efforts to develop, sustain, and popularize the kind of work that some people think is most representatively American.

I repeat. The question of whether

American painting is intrinsically valuable is a debatable question. The point is theoretical, academic, and therefore out of place in this article. If it is essential that art, to qualify as a valid, vital art, must represent an unmistakably progressive impulse, then it may be questioned whether American painting, exquisite though it is in certain of its manifestations, is not a sterile replica of antecedent points of view. On the other hand, if we accept as a yardstick, an approximation of the standards of beauty, in quality, of consummate craftsmanship, that have come down to us from the past, American painting, as represented by, let us say, Inness at his best, the later work of Murphy, Homer, Ryder, Dewing, Twachtman, Thayer, Hassam, and others, is the equal of the finest art of a like nature the world has seen.

To those persons who quite properly point out that fashions change in painting, and who call our attention to the fact that the Barbizon school, the later Dutch school, even painters like Monet and Whistler and hundreds of others, have depreciated in recent years, one may say that the very truth of this points to a grave infirmity in either the art of painting itself or in the quality of mind that is implicated in art activities. Tastes change in music and literature; but standards are not swept away. One may lose one's once acute reaction to Shakespeare or Keats, to Beethoven or Wagner, and yet maintain an objective respect for what these men represent. If painting can be dismissed on the ground that it is out-moded or that one has tired of it or that it does not fit in with a certain scheme of interior decoration, then painting as an art is about on a level with spring suitings and the latest cut in dinner jackets. The question is not so much whether we have produced great painters; the question is that conditions are such that we cannot judge what painters we have from an unbiased, unprejudiced standpoint. We are beaten before we start by the apparently ineradicable idea that American painting is negligible. Something is terribly wrong somewhere when an exquisite painter like Murphy (in his later work) can be ridiculed and thrown into the scrap-heap by the propaganda of the professional modernists. One must conclude either that America is incapable of reacting adequately and independently to intrinsic merit, or that painting is inherently an inferior art, a sort of factitious hobby, demoralized by fad, individual whim, transient fashion, commercialism, and a dubious kind of partisanship.

An East Side American

The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

XIV

Bucking the Radicals

ONE thing a man born and brought up in the tenement district, trained in the street gang, and educated in the machine shop is sure not to be—a parlor Socialist. Another thing he is not likely to be—a standpatter. Charles Stelzle was—and is—neither. He could not be a standpatter because,

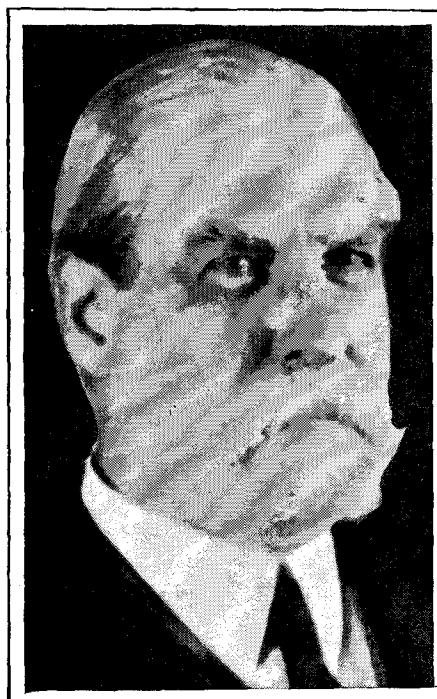
after his experience as boy and man, he could not be content with things as they were. And of course he could not be a parlor anything. As a matter of fact, he was not any kind of Socialist either. He has had to meet the attack of many a radical, though he himself has sometimes been called one.

WE hear a good deal these days about the uprising of the radicals. But I am more concerned about the downsitting of the conservatives—those who are quite content with things as they are; who have comfortable homes, can afford to wear good clothes, are assured of enough to eat, can educate their children, and who have snug little sums in the bank or in bonds which will take care of them in the future.

The greatest menace to our American institutions to-day is not the labor agitator nor the trust magnate. The greatest menace to society is the smug, self-satisfied middle class, the “standpatters,” those who do not wish to be disturbed, the people who do not want to be compelled to face the real social facts of the twentieth century.

The labor agitator has not created the social unrest in the world to-day. It has created him. He has been pushed up from among the people to give expression to their hopes and aspirations. It sometimes happens that the business agent of a labor union, the “walking delegate,” orders a strike or creates a disturbance of some other kind, but actually it is the principal task of the business agent to keep men on the job. He is the least successful business agent who is always stirring up trouble “in order to show workingmen that he is earning his salary.” There are fools and demagogues among labor officials, just as there are among other leaders. But they usually find their own place—outside the organization.

One of the reasons why the average radical makes so little impression on his opponents is that he assumes a superior air toward them. He tolerates them; he pities them because of their “stupidity,” their lack of discernment. The radical



Underwood & Underwood

Charles Evans Hughes

Who spoke for legislative freedom

may possess the most valuable truth, the securing of which may almost have cost him his life; but often he does not present it in the spirit of brotherhood and humility, and therefore he fails to convince us. Unfortunately, radicals who otherwise might render a great service to mankind often nullify the power of their teaching by accepting only intellectually the truth which they would have the rest of us practice. Many a promoter of “brotherhood” is found to be a tremendous individualist. Many a politician who advocates service to the state becomes a mere demagogue.

VERY early in my public work I encountered the severest kind of opposition from the Socialists. They could

see but one motive in my activities, namely, to keep workingmen satisfied with their present economic conditions. They insisted that I was a “tool of the capitalistic class.” They insisted that, if I were sincere in my declarations that I was interested in the welfare of working people, I would see to it that the Church advocated Socialism, because they maintained that Socialism was the economic system which Jesus taught. To them, any one who could not accept that doctrine was either a hypocrite or a fraud. As the movement which I headed received National publicity, the Socialistic papers “roasted” me periodically for several years, declaring that I was a menace to the working class of America. Victor Berger, who afterward became Congressman from Milwaukee, was particularly vicious—first, because of his Socialistic convictions, and, secondly, because of his atheistic principles.

It was amusing that while this was going on among the Socialists I had recurrent encounters with employers’ associations, which systematically attacked me editorially and accused me of being “a spy in the employ of the American Federation of Labor,” and of following up their officers and speakers throughout the country and holding mass-meetings to counteract their influence; which, of course, was perfectly absurd.

During the first year of the Labor Temple’s establishment I was called upon to give a great variety of addresses in different parts of New York City, particularly at open forum meetings during the winter. I noticed that, no matter where I spoke, there was a group of radicals who trailed me about and attempted to heckle me, in order to discredit whatever message I brought to my audience. Now heckling was my especial delight. For, in spite of the greatest liberty given

to all kinds of audiences all over the United States, I had not been asked a new question in some years. At least the questions were the same in principle. And as the man on the platform usually has the advantage over the man in the audience, provided he can hold his head and can laugh with the crowd even when the laugh is on himself, it was usually pretty good fun.

Toward the end of the winter's work, at the close of a particularly important meeting, a husky-looking man who had been standing at the rear of the audience saluted me as I was about to go out. I knew instinctively who he was—a member of the police force; for “by their shoes ye shall know them.”

“You’ve been doing a lot of talking around town this winter,” he remarked, with a smile; to which I nodded assent.

“Well,” he said, “there wasn’t a time when you spoke anywhere in this town but that I had a force of detectives in the audience. Do you remember the night at the Labor Temple,” he went on, “when you were bucking the I. W. Ws. and the rest of the radicals who were breaking into the churches? That night we had fifty detectives in the crowd. If anything had happened, we would have corralled the whole gang.”

I remembered with much amusement that in the midst of the excitement that evening, when trouble seemed to threaten, the presiding officer had shouted to the crowd that if peace were not maintained instantly he would call in a policeman. From which I had vigorously dissented, “because,” I remarked, “we can handle this crowd ourselves without the aid of any ‘cop.’” It must have made the fifty policemen in the audience smile to think that the joke was on me.

THERE is no doubt that radicalism is growing among the workingmen of America. We sometimes imagine that conditions in this country are so favorable for the common people that the red aspect of many European countries can never be duplicated in the United States. We go blindly on, not only crying, “Peace, peace,” when there is no peace,” but “causing the day of violence to draw nigh.”

Whatever may happen in Russia is bound to affect conditions in the United States. Indeed, the changes that are taking place in every country in Europe are sure to affect us sooner or later.

If the horrors of revolution are not to be duplicated in America, we must set

our own house in order. We must break down class consciousness and class war and abolish class hatred. Combinations of employers and capitalists to fight labor only help to produce a revolution. They sow the seed of Bolshevism.

The tendency to use the courts and injunctions to produce “harmony” is based upon fear and force; and force and fear never will produce good economic relationships any more than they will help friendship between individuals. The power of labor to stop industry, often because of disagreement among contending unions, is not conducive to industrial peace, but rather brings contempt upon the entire labor movement, and is of a piece with the employer’s efforts to gain his ends by the lockout and the personal boycott.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., remarked to me in conversation that the big man of the future in the industrial world will not be the promoter, or the efficiency man, but the one who can bring about right relationships between employers and employees; the man who, on the one hand, can interpret the men to the bosses, and, on the other hand, interpret the bosses to the men.

On general principles, it is better to understand a man than it is to silence him; and this refers to movements as well as individuals. New York State expelled five Socialists from its Legislature, in spite of the protests of some of the leading jurists of America, including so eminent a conservative as Justice Charles E. Hughes. The East Siders in New York, who had elected them and who had been urged to use ballots instead of bullets, wondered what had happened to our democratic government. Not satisfied with this action, the opponents of Socialism introduced measures which would prohibit any man or woman who declared himself in favor of Socialism from receiving a diploma to practice law. There is far more danger in this kind of repression than in the mouthings of the worst “radical” this side of Russia.

Neither is the unrest of the world going to be cured by making fun of anybody, as I learned by experience. You cannot cartoon or lampoon out of existence social inequalities and economic injustices. Neither can they be eliminated through absent treatment. There must be a spirit of brotherhood among all classes of men.

THE growing restlessness and radicalism among the workingmen of America have been quite obvious to me

as I have attended the annual Conventions of the American Federation of Labor and have seen the growth of Socialistic strength. Nor is this social unrest limited to workingmen. It is seen as never before among the semi-professional class and the “white collar” group.

The cause is not the reasons generally assigned to it. The labor agitator is not responsible for it. Neither is it the power of wealth or land monopoly or abject poverty. These have always existed in greater measure than they do to-day. The workingman is unquestionably better off than he has ever been, but he has never been more dissatisfied than he is to-day.

This social unrest is caused, first of all, by our public libraries. Not that the library contains books on Bolshevism and radicalism which workingmen eagerly read; for ordinarily the committees in charge of the selection of the books see to it that they are not placed within the workers’ reach. But books on democracy, government, history, and economics are being read by workers. The librarian of one of our large cities said recently that if present tendencies continue the workingmen will be the only educated people in America.

Art galleries are responsible for social unrest; for there ideals are stimulated. Universities and public schools cause social unrest. Big business in its advertising is responsible, by constantly urging working people to buy and enjoy better things. The advertising manager who would dare permit himself to believe that working people should be satisfied with the things that they now possess would promptly lose his job.

Prohibition causes social unrest. Before workingmen become very much disturbed about their economic conditions they must first have sober minds. Therefore the Socialists and other radicals have always been strong for prohibition. The Church causes social unrest. The early disciples preached a doctrine which was “turning the world upside down.” This has always been the result of the sincere preaching of the “Gospel.”

Social unrest, therefore, is the legitimate outcome of the finest idealism the world has ever known.

There is one great chance in all this agitation for the man and woman with broad sympathies and a big heart: the chance for unselfish leadership. The danger is that the new democracy which shall emerge will be dominated by a spirit of gross materialism. That would



Wide World

Do public libraries create social unrest?

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

be worse than unfortunate. It would be disastrous for all of us.

FOR ten years I had been promoting social service work mainly in the industrial field for the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. As that was an entirely new field, the methods adopted were subject to many misunderstandings, and it was natural that during the pioneering period there continued to pile up criticisms.

The growing opposition of a small coterie of conservatives living mostly in and about Pittsburgh became so determined and so bitter that the Board gradually grew very timid in its attitude toward the development of the most recently inaugurated aspects of the work. The budget for my department was so severely cut by a group of "financial experts" that the work was severely crippled, although at no time had the budget been large. Moreover, there was a feeling among some of the officials of the Board itself that "the tail was wagging the dog;" that the various departments which I was heading—Social Service, Country Life, Immigration and Survey—were dominating the entire work of the Board.

In view of the whole situation, I felt that in justice to the Board, whose chief function, after all, was the raising of funds to carry on the work for which it

was originally designed, it was best for me to resign, particularly as the General Assembly had appointed a committee to reorganize the various departments of the Board, which meant those that I had promoted and established.

In the main, the officials of the Board had stood loyally for my program, even though at times they did not understand it or approve it in its entirety, and even when a former Moderator of the General Assembly accused me of "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" because I protested in the name of the Church against the unnecessary slaughter of workmen in the Pittsburgh rolling mills.

An influential member of the Board declared himself unalterably opposed to the work that I was carrying on, because he believed that the money which the Board had been given should be used only for the purpose of organizing churches which should later become "fountains of beneficence;" and he declared that my Labor Temple—he specifically stated that it belonged to me—as well as my other enterprises, were merely "sink holes" into which the Board for years had been pouring its money. The fact was, however, that I had repeatedly offered to personally raise all the money that was needed to make up my entire budget if the Board would permit me to do so, but this request was invariably

rejected because it was well known by the Board that many of the churches increased their contributions very perceptibly because of the modernized program which the Board was suggesting to the churches and to the entire country.

When my resignation was announced, many hundreds of letters came to me from friends throughout the entire country, asking that I reconsider my decision. But I felt very keenly that my usefulness in the Church organization had come to an end. I was further convinced that the field in which I would be compelled to work thereafter was one which would permit me to engage in the larger forms of social service for such groups as desired to use my experience and methods.

Most of the religious papers in the United States and a large number of daily newspapers took the occasion to print editorials about the work I had accomplished during my ten years with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, as, for example, this in the Washington "Herald:"

When Charlie Stelzle, as he is familiarly known in church and labor circles, announced in New York a few days ago his resignation from the Home Mission Board bureau of social service, to become a "consulting sociologist" for undenominational church organizations, industrial enterprises, and other social service agencies, it



Dr. Frank Mason North

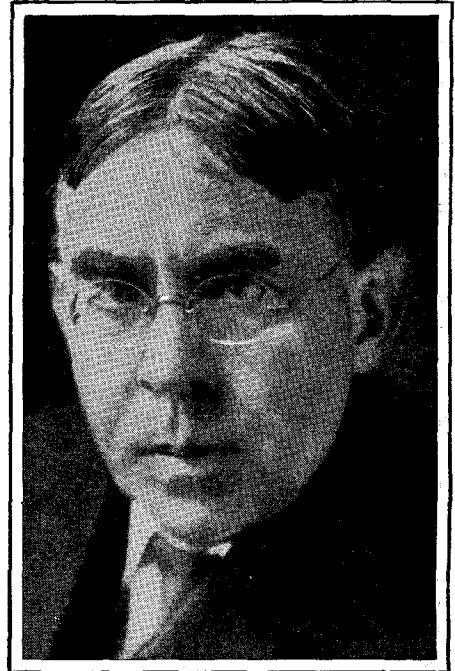
was like a real bomb in the Presbyterian camp.

Stelzle founded the Church and Labor Department of the Presbyterians ten years ago, when everybody else in the Church was afraid to espouse the industrial cause in general, and the trade-union movement in particular. With remarkable energy and a good

deal of advertising skill he made the Presbyterian Church the pioneer in what is now a generally espoused cause by the leading churches under the title of "social service commission." Manifestly he has rendered a great service to the whole Christian cause.

My sympathies with the Church and my convictions regarding its opportunities have never been slackened. Indeed, immediately following my resignation I began a speaking campaign throughout the entire country, receiving more invitations for addresses than I could possibly fill, meeting ministers, laymen in the churches, social workers, and other groups, and emphasizing my conviction that never in all of its history did the Church have the chance which it has to-day to promote a far-reaching work which would give it greater influence than ever before.

Two or three years after I had left the Presbyterian Church the Federal Council of Churches requested me to become the "Field Secretary for Special Service," with practically unlimited opportunities to put into operation the program which the Council had adopted. I have always admired the courage of Dr. Frank Mason North, President of the Federal Council, and Dr. Charles S.



(C) Underwood & Underwood

Dr. Charles S. Macfarland

Macfarland, its General Secretary, for giving me this chance. I carried on my work with the Federal Council until some time after the United States entered the World War. Then I resigned, to take charge of the publicity for the American Red Cross in Washington in the field of industry and the Church. I continued this work until the Armistice was signed.

Next week Mr. Stelzle will tell of his experiences with the question of prohibition

Tammany Hall

The biography of a political institution which functions three hundred and sixty-five days in the year

By DON C. SEITZ

TWO weeks after George Washington took office as President of the United States William Mooney, an ex-Revolutionary soldier credited with having served on both sides during the War of Independence, founded the Society of St. Tammany, or the Columbian Order, which has since been a sinister spot in American politics.

It has been much used as a factor in controlling the vote of New York, first by Aaron Burr, and until Tweed's rise to power was a singular combination of the aristocrat and the proletariat.

The Irish immigrants who landed destitute in the city found in the organization a friend that never forsook them, and soon became—and remain—the underpinning of the organization, though not until the fall of Tweed did they become potent at the top. Tweed was of

English parentage, but took on a couple of Irish side-partners—Richard B. Connolly and Peter B. Sweeney. The result was the looting of New York and a considerable amount of public improvements which the Knickerbockers would have denied the town. An honest Tweed would have deserved a monument bigger than the Statue of Liberty.

Martin Van Buren's son, "Prince John," had much to do with it in the ante-Tweed days, and John T. Hoffman, an aristocrat to his finger-tips, whom the Hall made Mayor and Governor, was another voice high in its counsels. Augustus Schell and August Belmont were also eminent sharers in the management. Schell briefly succeeded Tweed when he was dethroned. After Schell came a continuation of the Boss system inaugurated by Tweed. John Kelly was the

first, a firm-minded Irishman, who defied the Democrats of the State in a bolt that defeated Lucius Robinson, one of the best Governors New York ever knew. Upon Kelly's death, Richard Croker took charge and "worked for his own pocket all the time," as he frankly testified before a legislative investigating committee. Retiring with full pockets, Croker was succeeded by a short-lived triumvirate, which soon faded out, leaving Charles F. Murphy in control. Murphy proved to be a wise leader and an easy Boss. He died moderately rich, so far as the public figures went to show, and possessed an amazing supply of common sense in politics. For one thing, he fed no revenges. Some said he had a thick hide.

Perhaps this was so, but his head harbored an acute mind. He was never

caught in any form of corruption, as Croker was, and probably represented as much integrity as anybody could in his position. Upon his death he was succeeded by George Washington Olvany, a minor judge about whom little is known, and who is credited with getting much of his guidance from Governor Alfred E. Smith, who could easily have been Boss had he not been persuaded to take a second term as Governor. Smith loomed large as a Presidential candidate in the Democratic Convention of 1924. He is still in the field. Though strongly supported by New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, his ambition has to face an anti-Catholic South and West. No one can depreciate his talent in dealing with the rather moderate political problems of the day, or the mediocre majority of up-State Republicans whom he regularly outwits at Albany.

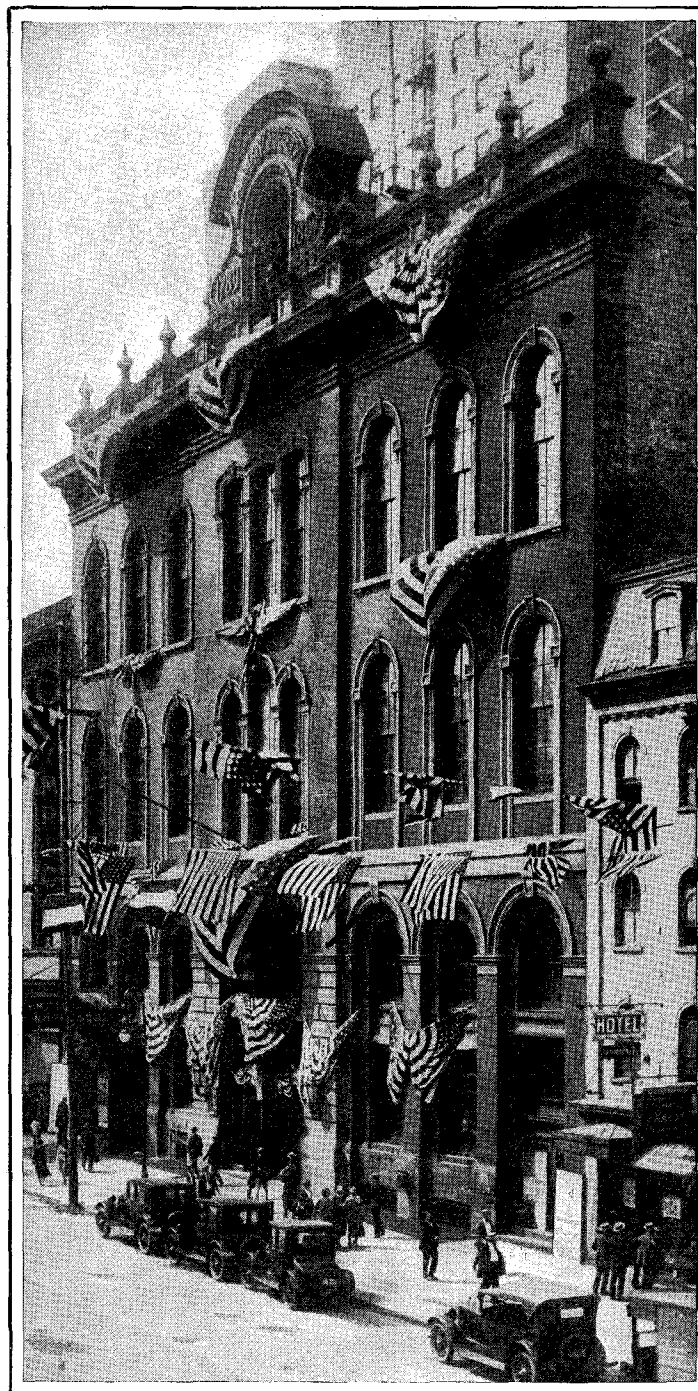
The "Hall" is popularly supposed to live off political patronage. This is incorrect. The small salaries and limited opportunities of men in office provide poor pickings. The big income comes from liberal leaders and a "General Committee," with an unlimited membership, which pays \$5 or more per head for the privilege of being so honored.

In hundreds of ways the leaders serve their constituents—the luckless, the out-of-work, and the "boys" who get caught. They are charitable and helpful to people who have no other friends. The amount of running around a Tammany leader does would wear out a whole charity organization society. They keep "close" to the people and are not afraid to soil their hands. It is this elemental kindness that keeps the "Hall" strong with common folks.

For eighty years the organization lodged in a red-brick, mansard-roofed building at the corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street, where the New York "Sun" was quartered in after years. Tweed built the present "Hall" on Fourteenth Street, between Irving Place and Third Avenue, backing up the old Academy of Music, long the social center of New York's upper ten. Its opening day was celebrated on July 4, 1868, by the locating of a National Democratic Convention within its doors. To-day it is a house of mystery to most New Yorkers. Few or none ever go inside its portals. The "organization" has its offices there, and occasionally celebrates in the good-sized hall. Besides this, the building contains a theater, where the eminent Tony Pastor once held forth and sang "Blige a Lady" and other ditties in a rather cracked voice.

No names appear now as its managers. The daily performances are attended

Tammany Hall,
decorated for the
Democratic Con-
vention in 1924



International

only by males, and outside, when the show is over, hard-faced men furtively offer the outcoming audiences vile "French" postal cards when the policeman is not too near. He usually isn't. The posters show performers almost as lightly clad as women in society or the young ladies in the subways.

Probably in 1928 the "Hall" will loom large again in National politics. It is a Democratic institution in name—a wheel within a wheel, in fact. That it could survive more than a century and a third is one of the marvels of American politics. The corruptions that have attended its leadership should have wiped it out long ago. It has been jarred a number of times—often beaten—but never destroyed.

Under constantly repressing legisla-

tion, the city government has become more and more an affair of Civil Service. The Mayor is a figurehead, the Common Council impotent. Only the State Legislature can disturb the orderly course of the city's affairs. These are well administered. The departments are in the main competently headed and in all cases well run. It is easy for a citizen to do business with the city and to get a square deal. This was not always true.

That it requires a super-organization to control local politics is, however, an anomaly that ought not to exist in the kind of a country the United States pretends to be. So long, however, as New York City continues to be part of a State centered one hundred and fifty miles away it will probably continue to protect itself in this fashion.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

WILLIAM COBBETT. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

We are all better off for a liberal employment of invective, thinks Mr. Chesterton; and the bad state of things these recent years has been due in considerable part to "the comparative absence of abuse in social and senatorial life." A promise of better times is seen in the practice of certain Labor members of Parliament in cutting loose and shouting names, and on top of that we now have a revival of interest in that master of "splendid scurrility," William Cobbett. The persons and things excoriated by him deserved all they got, according to the author, and the man is now coming to be recognized, for all his obvious shortcomings, as a prophet who saw more clearly than any of his contemporaries the blighting effects of industrialism. The notion of Cobbett as an agitator who jumped from one extreme to another is indignantly repudiated; he was, "in every essential sense, a very consistent man." As a presumptive Tory he stood for the same causes that he supported when denounced as a Radical. The confusion was not in Cobbett, but in the terms "Radical" and "Tory." His changed attitude toward Thomas Paine was due, not to a change in his own principles, but to a realization that in his earlier days he had misunderstood Paine and had misjudged Paine's purposes. "Mr. Chesterton in his happiest vein," reads the jacket blurb, and the text supports the assertion. With a proper discount for the overplus of Chestertonian paradox and epigram, the reader will find herein a brilliantly executed characterization of the People's Tribune.

UPROOTED. By Brand Whitlock. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

In a story which grows both in texture and interest as it proceeds Brand Whitlock gives an adequate portrayal of Americans abroad, at Paris and on the Riviera. The center of the picture is the episode of Betty Marsh, the dashing, colorful, crude American girl, and Waldron, an elderly American artist, uprooted so long that he is a foreigner by instinct and taste. Their attraction for each other, because it remains a passing episode with wistful shadings, gives a certain beauty to the book. Betty is the modern, Middle-Western town product to the life. Her personality fairly jabs one in the eye. She ends, of course, by marrying a rising young engineer as ro-

bust and commonplace as he can be made. Several other types are well done—Bunker, the *nouveau riche*; Mrs. Richardson, the assiduous climber; Lady Agnes, a fine, sensible Englishwoman; and Dorothy, the widow of a French count, Waldron's one-time love, whose flavor is too faint and indefinite a perfume to linger. On the whole, a creditable, though ephemeral novel.

WARRIORS IN UNDRRESS. By F. J. Hudleston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.50.

The librarian of the British War Office writes a pleasing book of essays in military biography. Mr. Hudleston's style is a little maddening; he suffers from a surfeit of ideas, and has recourse to a great number of foot-notes and parenthetical remarks. With this exception, however, the book is thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Hudleston discusses Wellington, the Duke of York (Major Bagstock's friend), English and American generals of the Crimea and of the Civil War. He ventures on that dangerous ground for an Englishman, the use of American slang, and, although he seems to have learned it chiefly at the movies—or the cinema, as he would say—he is mainly correct. He is friendly and well informed on American affairs, and his book for many other reasons is to be commended to all who enjoy pleasant gossip about the old commanders.

HANGMAN'S HOUSE. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company, New York. \$2.50.

Mr. Byrne charms us with a novel that follows the romantic tradition, though we may question his right to call himself the last of the old school Irish novelists, heirs of Goldsmith, Sterne, and Lever. A century hence the *cognoscenti* may so acclaim him, but not for years can any man make definite pronouncement. The scene of this novel is the Dublin countryside in 1905 and its characters such well-defined types as an honest young squire with more character than brains, wealth enough for dignity of life, a courageous, quiet man—such is Dermot McDermot. Then there is Connaught O'Brien. Suffice to say she is all that one could wish in a heroine. Her father, Baron Glenmalure, erstwhile Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, would be very much at home in American municipal politics—a strong man, but "crooked as the left hind leg of a dog." He is honest only in family affairs and money matters, because he knows that in these relations honesty is the best policy. The author, forgetting to be romantic,

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achieves a notable characterization. This old reprobate is more than credible. He is alive. Obeying the command of her dying father, Connaught marries John Darcy. (His name and the heavy red beard mark him for a villain.) Connaught loves Dermot, yet she is bound to John Darcy. The tragic tangle admits of but one escape within the rules of the old school romancers. One may be certain of the outcome, but the process of arriving at it is an agreeable one. Racy Hibernianisms, the virile imaginative English of the Irish-born, lend this novel a distinction *sui generis* which its conventional plot and (with one exception) trite characterizations would otherwise deny it.

THE FOURTH QUEEN. By Isabel Paterson.
Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.

This is not a treatise on poker, but a vivid and quickly moving story of the days of Queen Elizabeth, its events strung upon the adventures of young Jack Montagu, cadet of a good family and loyal subject of the great Queen.

The story opens with the sighting of the Spanish Armada off Plymouth and ends with the execution of the Earl of Essex, a period of thirteen years, during which Montagu's adventures are many and various. When the signal fires were seen which heralded the approach of the invaders, the recruiting ports were fairly swamped with young men of every degree who sought to serve against the Don, and the officers tried hard to send the raw recruits back to their farms and trades. Young Montagu, however, had a service warrant, and finally was taken on board a wretched craft, destined to be used as a fire-ship, and the next two chapters contain a glowing description of the great fight when the Spanish fleet was dispersed. Then follows an account of Montagu's presentation at Court, which brings vividly before us, not only Queen Elizabeth, but her maids of honor, her lords-in-waiting, and such notable figures as Burghley, Walsingham, and Lord Essex.

Montagu's adventures include his transportation to the West Indies, his escape, and his marriage with the granddaughter of Sir Thomas More. He is arrested as implicated in the affair which brought Essex to the scaffold, but escapes the latter's fate, and the book ends with his reunion with his wife and child.

Mrs. Paterson has done her work extremely well. Especially good are the scenes in which Queen Elizabeth figures and which bring her personality strongly before us—her vanity, her ungovernable temper, her hardness, but, in spite of all, the idol of her people, England's greatest queen.

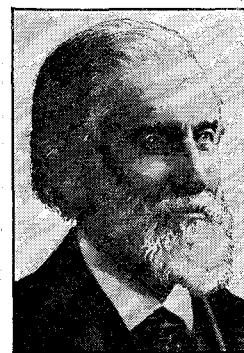
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Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium: "The authors are to be congratulated on producing this excellent work, which will no doubt have a large sale."

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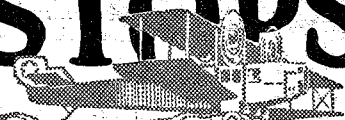
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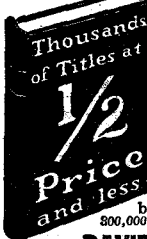
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Fiction

HEAT. By Isa Glenn. A. A. Knopf, New York. \$2.50.

A story of army life in the Philippines. The deteriorating effects of languid atmosphere, depressing heat, insidious perfumes and flower scents are undercurrents of this study of a fight between convention and tradition as against primitive passion over the soul and life of a young officer. His failure to distinguish between romance and honor is tragic in the extreme.

HERE AND BEYOND. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.

In this collection of short stories Mrs. Wharton takes the reader from bleak New England to torrid Africa and back again. The first story, "Miss Mary Pask," is an eerie tale of a lady who was more interesting dead than alive. All the cruelty of superstitious fact and fancy is woven into the story. "Bewitched" is a variation of the vampire theme; it tells of the nightly seductions of an unimaginative New England farmer by a dead girl. Of her his wife says: "A stake through the breast! That's the old way; and it's the only way." At the tragic ending to the story one is hardly sure whether the tracks of bare feet over the snow to their meeting-place are those of the dead or her living sister. From the same source as the author's interesting book of travel "In Morocco" comes the story "The Seed of the Faith." Mr. Blandhorn is one of those missionaries who "had known robbery and murder and intrigue and all the dark maleficence of Africa; and he remained as serene, as confident and guileless as on the day when he had first set foot on that evil soil." His losing fight to bring religion to the land where "only Allah is great" is a tragic story of bringing coals to Newcastle. More cheery and delightfully satirical are "The Temperate Zone" and "Velvet Earpads." In the latter an unbelievably absent-minded professor is exposed to the wiles of a beautiful Russian refugee, and is the instrument of her great good fortune. His velvet earpads—a trick learned from Herbert Spencer—are a tip to all who wish to travel abroad in seclusion.

ODTAA. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

A weird and mocking tale is this last product from the ingenious mind of Mr. Masefield. He expels his hero from England and leads him to what would appear to be the Banda Oriental, in South America, where his troubles begin at once. They last but a few days—but such days and such nights! Were it other than Mr. Masefield who is writing, one would suspect him of trying to burlesque an old-fashioned dime novel. Something happens in every paragraph and there is no happy ending.

THE SECRET LISTENERS OF THE EAST. By D. G. Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

A tale of India and Central Asia with almost as much of criminal incident and secret plotting as has Kipling's "Kim," but also, alas! without the genius of that great story. The descriptive part is better than the fiction.

THE NEST. By Anne Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.

Miss Sedgwick's short stories deserve to be known to the admirers of her "Tante" and "The Little French Girl." When "The Nest" first appeared (in 1913), *The Outlook* said, "Not a detail is missing from her pictures."

Biography

FIELDING THE NOVELIST. A Study in Literary Reputation. By Frederic T. Blanchard. The Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. \$6.

While the final word on Fielding has perhaps been said by Professor W. L. Cross, this study by Mr. Blanchard is a work of especial worth to teachers and

students of the novel. The author says that "his object has been to trace, period by period, the estimation in which Fielding has been held as a novelist since the appearance of Joseph Andrews, and to point out the main influences—social, literary, individual—which have played a part in the assessment of his genius and achievement."

The story of Fielding is the story of a brave and genial soul. And how comforting to writers tremulously establishing reputations to know that Fielding's was not only grossly and continuously smirched by his contemporaries, but that his work had for a time scant appreciation from the succeeding generations of authors and critics. His special particular thorn in the flesh seems to have been his fateful appearance at the same time as Richardson. But, in spite of ill words and lack of notice from Samuel Johnson, Pope, Gray, Young, Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and Murphy (his slanderous and superficial biographer), he drew praise from Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Scott, Southey, Leigh Hunt, Byron, and Thackeray, who all (eventually) flocked to his standard.

Professor Gummere asserts that "of all our novelists Fielding was the greatest, . . . combined breadth and keenness, classical culture and a delicate Gallic irony. . . . Of the race of Cervantes and Molière, he is unquestionably the great man of letters of the 'forties and 'fifties.'"

YELLOWSTONE KELLY. By Luther S. Kelly. The Yale University Press, New Haven. \$4.

To speak broadly, the most authentic records of past conditions are to be found in the pages of fiction rather than in those of the historian, for history is apt to prove lacking in color and picturesqueness. In the works of Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope, for example, one finds convincing and interesting portrayals of social, political, and ecclesiastical conditions prevalent in England during the last century, and Mr. Howells in his earlier novels has given us equally valuable pictures of those phases of more modern American life that he knew so well. But like praise cannot be given to the fiction dealing with life in the Far West of this country during its most picturesque period. Neither in the unreal, richly colored world created by Bret Harte nor in the cowboy novels so widely circulated at the present day do we find authentic accounts of life in mining camps or on the plains during frontier days. Mr. Kelly writes, not as a novelist, but as a historian, and his work is rich in the best qualities of both. In a foreword by General Miles that distinguished soldier ranks Luther S. Kelly with such men as Daniel Boone, David Crockett, and Kit Carson as fighter and pioneer, and adds: "He loved the romance of the frontier and seemed to appreciate and enjoy the beauty and grandeur of nature in the highest degree." Mr. Kelly's book bears out this high praise. It is an account of his life on the plains, where he served as scout and soldier, written in plain language, in most interesting fashion, and without undue boasting. His work has permanent value because of its pictures of the old frontier life long since passed away.

It was a period when millions of wild animals, many of which are now almost extinct, roamed over the plains, and when great bands of hostile Indians fought vigorously against the encroaching tide of civilization. Mr. Kelly took his part in many of the battles fought between the savages and the troops commanded by General Miles. He was also present at several of the parleys between the chiefs of the two opposing forces, and narrates in detail the ceremonious smoking of the pipe of peace. In view of the current outcry against military training, it is interesting to note what he has to say of a service which in his day meant much hardship,

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Essays and Criticism

A CASUAL COMMENTARY. By Rose Macaulay. Bont & Liveright, New York. \$2.

Like most collections of slight papers written for occasional publication, Miss Macaulay's new volume is uneven. But not a few of these talks show her at her best in light and cheerful irony; she doesn't take life too seriously and doesn't expect so to be taken herself.

INTELLECTUAL VAGABONDAGE: AN APOLOGY FOR THE INTELLIGENTSIA. By Floyd Dell. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.25.

"From Defoe to Oscar Wilde" might too obviously have served as title for Part One of this stimulating study in literature. Mr. Dell prefers "Literature and the Machine Age." He uncovers the spiritual roots of the immediate widespread popularity of "Robinson Crusoe," using that famous narrative as a divining rod to trace hidden springs of eighteenth-century thought. Trade in the saddle was dealing the death blow to feudalism, and the *bourgeoisie* coming into its own dreamed of utopias. Individualism, personified by Rousseau and Voltaire, kindled the fires of American and French revolt. Byron and Shelley lead to a discussion of nineteenth-century influences, Darwin, and the *fin de siècle*. Part Two—"A Spiritual Autobiography of My Own Generation in Its Literary and Social Aspects"—pictures the state of mind of the young *intelligentsia* of the first quarter of this century in relation to feminism, marriage, the struggle for existence, and art. The book is a plea, he tells us, "in defense of that generation of intelligent, sensitive, and more or less creative young people to which I and most of my friends belong."

Religion

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE. By Sir James George Frazer. Vol. I. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4.

No one writes more learnedly and entertainingly about the beliefs and practices of primitive folk than the gifted author of "The Golden Bough." These twenty Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1924-5, have to do with the worship of the sky, the sun, and the earth. The mass of detail is enormous—so much so, indeed, that to the average reader it is likely to prove somewhat bewildering. The bewildered, however, can always turn back to the introductory lecture for respite and a fresh grip. For here, in the compass of eighteen pages, is distilled the essence of the whole subject. It is a chapter that will bear many readings. There are those who flout the value of this knowledge of beliefs and customs now regarded as false and absurd and in some cases monstrous, vicious, and cruel. But it is a knowledge, says the author, of great importance. By it we may picture the effort which it cost our predecessors to grope their way through the mists of ignorance and superstition. These gropers were the pioneers; they made the paths smooth for those who came after, and we walk in their footsteps. The lesson to draw from their long wanderings and manifold aberrations in the search for the true and the good is one, not of pride, but humility, for it teaches us the frailty of human nature. The mind of man has always refused to acquiesce in the phenomena of sense. By an irresistible impulse it is driven to seek for something which it assumes to be more real than the shifting scenes of the sensible world. From animism, the earliest

expression of this impulse, to the modern search for the constituents of the atom, there is an orderly progress in the ceaseless search after the real, the invisible, the eternal. The atom and the electron, be it remembered, are as much beyond our sense as are gnomes and fairies; and even should some now unanticipated invention enable us to see these theoretical particles, we should go on to analyze them into minuter parts, and so on to infinity. A profound and informing book of the merits of which a brief comment can give no more than a crude hint.

The West

MEN AND HORSES. By Ross Santee. The Century Company, New York. \$3.

It is unfortunate for both author and publisher that Ross Santee's sketches of the West, with black-and-white hand-made insertions, should appear so soon after the Scribners did the same thing by Will James. The book will, almost inevitably, be considered an imitation by the thoughtless, and there is no evidence to show that it is anything of the sort.

Will James and Ross Santee were both cow-punchers at one time, they both draw with a Remington accent, and their literary style is by O. Henry out of Bret Harte. Weighed in this office's delicate critical scales, "Men and Horses" and "The Drifting Cowboy" (the Will James book) balance accurately. Santee does not draw quite as well, but he writes a trifle better; at least his superman exploits are not described in the first person, nor does his desire to appear unsophisticated make him omit all final g's. In either one of these books you will find the cowboy—the cowboy of the movies, the cowboy that all sensible small boys would like to be—about as well depicted as you could wish.

Both of these gentlemen are very solicitous to assure us that the cowboy has not disappeared. Indeed, he hasn't, and if he didn't wear the six-quart hat and the fuzzy pants twenty years ago while tending the kine, he wears them now, for life is always anxious to mirror art, and the movies have shown even the lowliest horse-wrangler what is expected of him. The cowboy has not disappeared; he has merely taken his place in the world's gallery of artistic characters along with Dutchmen in wooden shoes, Irish peasants, and Morris dancers.

Politics

FOUR AMERICAN PARTY LEADERS. By Charles E. Merriam. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

Professor Merriam compares Lincoln, Roosevelt, Bryan, and Wilson and tries to discover the secret of their leadership. All, he finds, were men "of absolute integrity;" all (including Bryan) "were gifted with great intellectual capacity;" all (again including Bryan) were "richly endowed with a sense of humor;" all had extreme sensitivity to political currents; all, though prudent in compromise, were courageous; and all were adepts in group diplomacy. They had even two or three other qualities in common. All of them "seemed born to politics," and all (including Wilson) were "masters of dramatic expression." Two of them, Lincoln and Bryan, were gifted with a highly mimetic quality. Though Lincoln was a great debater, only one of the four, Bryan, was a great orator. There are readers in plenty who will rub their eyes a bit at some of the characterizations and wonder if the type is really saying what it seems to say. This is a field wherein, with most men, political passion largely governs judgment and objective valuation is difficult. But the book is to be warmly welcomed, even if one cannot agree with all of it. The highly important subject of the qualities of political leadership, too long slighted, receives herein some of the careful study to which it is entitled.



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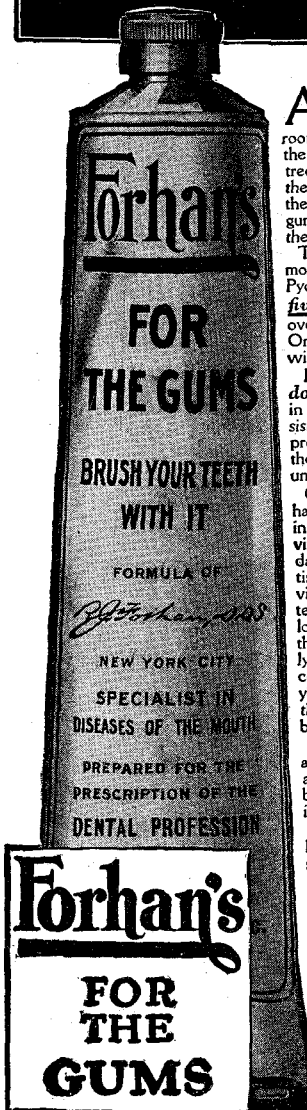
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Phonograph Records

MARCHE SLAVE (Tchaikowsky). Played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Willem Mengelberg. In two parts, on one record. Brunswick.

Two things are particularly worth mentioning in connection with this record. One is that Tchaikowsky's orchestral composition is played exactly as written, in unabbreviated form. The other is that the complete version is recorded on the two sides of a single disc. This feat has been accomplished through the new Brunswick light-ray recording, which produces a record that plays for six minutes without stopping. This is a step, at least, in the right direction. The ideal record, it has been said, is one which will play for an hour or so without interruption, so that a complete act of an opera or an entire symphony can be heard without the annoyance of changing discs. Ideal—unless a Bruckner symphony were recorded! But for us, a twenty-minute record would be entirely satisfactory.

Mengelberg's orchestra gives an inspired but not too subtle performance of a not too subtle piece. The martial spirit dominates. The reproduction is extraordinarily clear and free from distortion, though at the expense of some loss of volume. Where the record is weakest is in reproducing the bass. The lower instruments sound distant and weak—even in such climaxes as the introduction of the theme of the Russian national anthem. Aside from that, the balance is perfect. And we have never heard a better recording of the mass attack of the strings in a symphony orchestra.

QUARTET IN G MINOR—Opus 10, First and Third Movements (Debussy). Played by the New York String Quartet. In two parts, on one record. Brunswick.

It is pleasurable to find a Debussy chamber work recorded, even in incomplete form. Although much is lost by not hearing the composition in its entirety, the crisp, vigorous, musicianly performance of the New York Quartet compensates for much. The work abounds in harmonic vagaries and in

sustained effects of strength, with rich, double-stopped chords. The recording itself is clear and faithful, reproducing the growling lower notes of the 'cello and the breathless softness with which the third movement begins.

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Two short MacDowell pianoforte pieces are here arranged for full symphony orchestra. Arrangement and rendition alike are excellent. Frederick Stock, in doing both, exhibits rare tonal command over his orchestra. Yet we somehow feel that the subject-matter is not ideally fitted for such treatment. MacDowell's sketches are miniatures, and their charm as such is lost in the powerful sonority of an orchestral performance.

LIEBESTRÄUM (Liszt); **NAÏLA—Waltz** (Delibes-Dohnányi). Played by Wilhelm Bachaus; recorded in Europe. Victor.

PRELUDE (Mazur-Zucca); **WALTZ IN E MINOR** (Chopin). Played by Master Shura Cherkassky. Victor.

If the "Liebestraum" were not played so frequently at the "movies," we would perhaps be a less unsympathetic listener. Its sentimentalism is too apparent. "Naïla" is a pleasant concert waltz, but not particularly worth recording. And although Bachaus plays like the master pianist he is, the recording is only fair. In fact, Master Cherkassky gives us a more interesting musical dish. Immature in years, he manages to hide the fact quite well in his technique, poise, and mastery of expression. His piano sounds brilliantly crisp. While admitting that no piano records are so faithful to the instrument that any one could be fooled into thinking a piano were actually playing in the next room (which can be said of some records), we will assert that a record such as this of Cherkassky's does give an illusion of the character and quality of a grand piano.

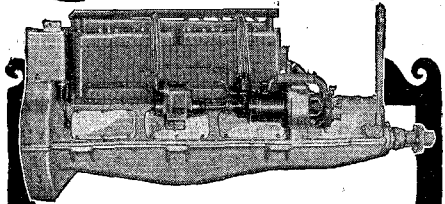
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A pot-pourri of "Carmen." It is good light music, but most of it is more interesting for its effective treatment of the violin than for the music itself. We like the rich viola-like quality of Huberman's low notes and the flute-like clearness of the very high register.

WALTZ IN G FLAT—Opus 70, No. 1 (Chopin-Spalding); **PERSIAN SONG** (Glinka-Zimbalist). Played by Etrem Zimbalist. Victor.

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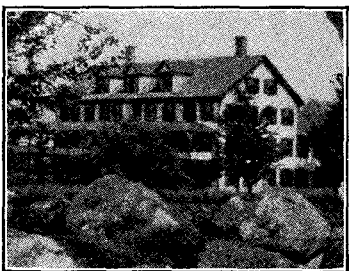
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RELIABLE woman, light housework, simple cooking, family two, home, private bath. \$35 month. References. 7,006, Outlook.

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BOWDOIN senior desires summer position traveling as tutor or companion. Excellent references. 7,016, Outlook.

COLLEGE publicity expert, editor and journalism instructor, 10 years in one of largest universities, desires appointment September. 7,002, Outlook.

COLLEGE senior wishes position as companion-tutor. Varsity man, baseball and track. Excellent recommendations. Experienced. Will travel. 7,020, Outlook.

COLUMBIA girl student, nineteen, pleasing personality, perfect French, German, experienced European traveler, wishes invitation summer vacation as guest-companion here or abroad with refined family, without remuneration. References exchanged. 7,005, Outlook.

COMPANION, by professional, middle-aged, cultivated American. Country or travel. References. 7,013, Outlook.

CULTURED Scottish lady, domestic science graduate, wants position companion (traveling preferred), private secretary. References. 7,013, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires position for summer as tutor or companion. Will travel. 7,011, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, successful teacher, seeking summer engagement, would exchange lessons for board and traveling expenses. References exchanged. 7,008, Outlook.

HIGH school principal, woman of refinement, will tutor pupil in grade work and French this summer on a beautiful farm in the Berkshires. Address Room 404, Century Building, Hartford, Conn.

LADY as companion-tutor. Experienced teacher. July-August. References. 7,015, Outlook.

MASTER in boys' school, age 32, widely traveled, desires position for summer as tutor or companion. Free June 15. 6,982, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher desires position as governess or companion for summer. Middle West. Traveled, genial, adaptable. Services in exchange for home. City or country. References. 7,026, Outlook.

REFINED, capable, middle-aged woman desires position as companion or managing housekeeper. City or country. 7,023, Outlook.

SUPERVISING housekeeper, long experience. Willing to make herself generally useful. References from present position. 7,012, Outlook.

TUTOR and companion. Harvard graduate, experienced in best preparatory schools, European travel, camp life, would take boy for summer or year. References 6,974, Outlook.

TWO French girls, Sorbonne graduate, American college graduate, want positions as traveling tutors or companions or governesses for summer. References exchanged. 7,004, Outlook.

WANTED, by young educated woman of pleasing personality, position as secretary-clerk in public or private school in southern California, Florida, or in or near New York City. Had 9 years' experience as head of small town public library. Desires change in fall. Best references furnished. 7,024, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as matron in college or private school dormitory. 14 years' experience. Best of references. Address Matron, Florence, Mass.

WHERE is the family who needs a high-grade superior type of business ability, to fill position of trust, and responsibility, one who is capable, gentle, and willing. Successfully experienced in supervision of household accounts, care of children, sewing. 7,025, Outlook.

WOMAN who has been for six years mother-companion in one of Cleveland's representative families will be available July 1 as chaperon or companion. Interested in children and home-making. References exchanged. 6,980, Outlook.

YALE senior desires position as tutor or companion. References. 7,014, Outlook.

YOUNG college man desires position for summer as chauffeur, or will act as companion-tutor to young boy. Go anywhere. Excellent references. 7,017, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, Protestant, two university degrees, desires summer position as hostess, companion, or tutor. 7,007, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

NEW York shopping without charge by an experienced shopper. Reference required. Hattie Guthman, 530 West End Ave., N.Y.C.

WOULDN'T you like to give the care of your young family, for the summer, to a person who loves young people and loves to care for them? Any number, any age. Smith graduate, former teacher and Yale student. 7,003, Outlook.

HEALTHY, well-born baby for adoption. 7,010, Outlook.

WANTED—Episcopal family to adopt Jane, 3½, attractive, good health and history. Apply The Church Home Society, 24 Mt. Vernon St., Boston.

BUSINESS woman occupying her own house in suburb near New York would like to find a congenial soul to share this home. There must be many women, tired of stretching their incomes to meet the increasingly high cost of living, who would like to hear a proposition which will be made very attractive to the right person. 6,986, Outlook.

WANTED—Elderly people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

By the Way

THE average car," says the Weston (Oregon) "Leader," "costs the average car-owner more than the income of the average farmer, yet the average farmer owns an average car. Or are liars figuring?"

The tale is told around the movie studios of a movie director who was filming a new screen epic, "The Queen of Vice." The scenario called for a scene depicting the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. "Great idea," observed the director, "but it'll have to be cut out. It's not true to life."

Taken from the menu of a Greek restaurant near Times Square, New York City: "Oysters Cocktail .35. Hors d'oeuvres .50. Cream of tomato .20. Filet of sole, spintch binns .75. Hart lettuce .35. Fruit salad .40. Fruit Pudig .25. Caramel Costar .25. Bake Aple .25. Coffe and Crim .15."

Last winter's press chronicled the many sums that were paid to Red Grange, football star, for the use of his name. But little did he believe that one of the main sources of his income would be from the sale of a five-cent candy bar bearing his name. With the royalty of one-quarter of a cent for each package sold, Mr. Grange and his manager, Mr. Pyle, have already split \$59,000 in income from the candy sale alone.

From the "Country Gentleman": "Hey, Moike, and phwat do yez t'ink of these sanitary drinkin' cups?" "Not much, Pat. Soon and we'll have to spit on our hands with an eye-dropper."

Classified advertisements appearing in an Oregon paper:

WANTED: Husband would like to exchange wife, who is too affectionate, for good cook. Address 2466 Guard.

WANTED: Information as to whether husband who wants to exchange his wife for cook is self-supporting. Address 2496 Guard.

Of the estimated 20,000 theaters in this country, ninety-seven per cent of them are to-day devoted exclusively to the showing of motion pictures. Some of the remaining three per cent have a combination vaudeville and movie policy. Only 500 theaters in the entire country now exist without the aid of the moving pictures.

Wife (tearfully): "You have broken the promise you made me."

Husband: "Never mind, my dear, don't cry. I will make you another."

When the Commissioner of Internal Revenue recently turned down the claims for income-tax deductions made by Gloria Swanson, the movie star, he disclosed an interesting clause in her contract with the Famous Players Film Corporation. Miss Swanson contended that she had a right to deduct enormous sums for jewelry, automobiles, clothes, etc., as legitimate business expenses, and offered in proof her contract, which read: "... must appear in public in attractive and fashionable costumes and shall, at proper intervals, entertain in a lavish manner, consistent, however, with good taste and the social standing of the artist."

A man going to register for election was asked his trade. "Mason and builder," he replied.

The next man in line, an old Irishman, had the same question put to him. "Knight o' Columbus an' bricklayer," he answered.

The "dual" nature of the executive department of the Government of Texas is commented upon in the following verses taken from "The Lions' Roar," organ of the Austin, Texas, Lions' Club:

THE GOVERNOR OF TEXAS

The Governor of Texas,
A dauntless one are they,
Though frenzied foes assail her,
He never shows dismay.

For erring folk in prison
Her tender spirit grieves;
But let them go to college,
And see him roll his sleeves!

Amid the envious clamor
Of those who seek her crown,
The Governor of Texas
Are not a bit cast down.

When rivalry malicious
Would hurl him on the shelf,
She bravely do their duty,
Regardless of herself.

The Klan may plot and bluster,
The Legislature blame,
But the Governor of Texas,
They get there just the same.

A man on his first sea voyage experienced the usual symptoms. His companion came down to his cabin and invited him to come up on deck to see a passing ship.

"Don't bother me again," said the victim, "until you see a tree pass."

Students of the University of North Carolina recently asked the Faculty to provide a course on the social, economic, medical, and psychological aspects of marriage. They pointed out that, with over a thousand courses in college curriculums, there surely could be a place for this subject which is of such vital interest to young men. Heretofore instruction of this sort was not obtainable in college, but had to be gleaned haphazardly from devious sources. The Faculty complied with the students' request, and two evenings a week are now devoted to lectures and discussion on marriage, with enthusiastic response and interest from the student body.

A press despatch from Detroit reads: "When the Circuit Court jury on which Mrs. Nina B. Smith was serving resumed after luncheon yesterday, she remembered she had left a pot of beans on the fire. The judge excused her and the court went on with the trial for fifty minutes without her. The beans were saved."

The editor of the Norway, Maine, "Advertiser" voices a Nation-wide grievance in this poignant paragraph: "We got some clothes the other day, preparatory to going fishing. Got them of a reputable dealer. Paid the price, and had to sew on all the buttons on the pants, shirts, and pajamas. Why is it the buttons are not put on strong as they should be when the clothes are made?"

Fred C. Kelly in "The Wisdom of Laziness" writes: "One of the best salesmen I ever knew confided to me, when asked for the secret of his success: 'I live well within my means, but dress far beyond my means.'"

From the "Purple Cow":

Cop: "What's the idea of stalling on the main street?"

Fair One (absently): "I have just washed my car, and I can't do a thing with it."

We have just learned that Mary Roberts Rinehart, popular novelist, makes a regular business of her writing. She maintains an office in one of the large downtown New York City buildings, where she spends four hours each day in writing. She takes pride in the fact that she never breaks this rule and that she even works half of that period on Saturdays.

In writing to the above advertisers please mention The Outlook